

МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
САМАРСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ

Кафедра английской филологии

О.А.Климанова

**ЛИНГВОСТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ
ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА**

Учебное пособие

Издательство «Самарский университет»
2000

ББК 84.4
К 492

Климанова О.А. Лингвостилистический анализ художественного текста: Учебное пособие. Самара: Изд-во «Самарский университет», 2000.108 с.

ISBN 5-230-06209-6

Учебное пособие по аналитическому чтению предназначено для аудиторной и самостоятельной работы студентов IV курса филологического факультета специальности «романо-германская филология» (английский язык и литература).

Пособие состоит из четырех разделов. Теоретическая часть (Part I) в обобщенном виде представляет основные положения лингвостилистики, литературоведения и анализа художественного текста, изложенные в работах известных отечественных лингвистов В.Б.Сосновской, В.А.Кухаренко, Е.Г.Сошальской, В.И.Прохоровой. Практическая часть пособия содержит образцы современной и классической английской и американской прозы, представленные такими авторами как Э.Хемингуэй, Ч.Сноу, Дж.Джойс, К.Мэнсфилд, Д.Лессинг и предназначенные как для обязательного обсуждения на занятии (Part II), так и для дополнительного чтения и самостоятельной работы студентов по подготовке индивидуального лингвостилистического анализа (Part III). Последний раздел (Part IV) включает фрагменты художественных произведений для закрепления полученных навыков и работы на завершающем этапе при подготовке к экзамену. В конце пособия приводятся краткие библиографические сведения об авторах, произведения которых включены в пособие. В приложении дается развернутый план лингвостилистического анализа художественного текста, а также список клишированных фраз и выражений для оформления устного и письменного высказывания на английском языке.

Отв. редактор канд. филол. наук, доц. А.А. Харьковская

Рецензент канд. филол. наук, доц. каф. англ. филологии
СамГПУ Е.Б. Борисова

К $\frac{47030100000 - 002}{6К4(03) - 2000}$ Без объявл.

ISBN 5-230-06209-6

© Климанова О.А.,
2000

Contents

Part I	<i>Essentials of the Theory of Literature and Linguo-stylistics</i>	4
Part II	<i>Sample Texts for Linguo-stylistic Analysis</i>	44
Part III	<i>Supplementary Reading Material</i>	66
Part IV	<i>Controlled Practice</i>	87
Biographical Notes		91
Appendix		100
Bibliography		107

Part I

Essentials of the Theory of Literature and Linguo-stylistics

Section I

LANGUAGE AS THE MEDIUM OF LITERATURE

Introduction

It is a well-known fact, that the reader's appreciation of the book depends upon his personal experience. A literary work that represents the epoch and social/cultural settings familiar to the reader will, no doubt, be more profoundly perceived by him than that of an entirely alien setting.

The reader's appreciation of the literary work also depends upon his age and education, as well as upon his intellectual and emotional impressionability, the innate ability to share in the attitude of others. The gift of appreciation develops when one gains experience in reading.

But he who has, besides, some knowledge of the verbal art laws will more subtly perceive the poetic content than one who lacks such knowledge.

Any work of imaginative literature irrespective of its genre (poem, short story, novel, etc.), or its literary trend (realistic, naturalistic, romantic, etc.) is a unique and complete world, created by the author in precisely the way his imagination has urged him to create. Though it is but a product of the author's imagination, it is always based upon objective reality, for there is no source that feeds one's imagination other than objective reality.

A literary work is thus a fragment of objective reality arranged in accordance with the vision of the author and permeated by his idea of the world.

The Reality — the Image — the Author Relationship

Both science and the arts aim at cognizing and interpreting the world we live in. But in contrast to science where the means of cognition is an inductive and a deductive analysis, the means of cognition in literature and the other arts is a re-creation of objective reality in the form of images drawn from reality itself. Stated in general terms, the relation between reality and literature is essentially that of an object and its image.

An image is always similar to its object, as, for example, a painted portrait of a person is similar to the person himself. The similarity between an object and its image is conditioned by the fact that the latter is a representation of the former.

It is implied in the word "image" itself which is defined in the dictionary as "a likeness of a person, animal or object". The similarity between an object and its image may be barely traceable, but there will be a similarity. A picture (or a portrait) is always that of an object (a tree, a human being, an animal and the like).

The similarity between an object and its image may be great, nonetheless it will remain a similarity (a likeness) and never become an identity, for an object cannot be at the same time its own image. The two are different categories, the former being reality itself, the latter a representation of reality. Thus, a portrait is always a representation of a certain person, never the person himself. Turning now to the literary work, we may say that, regarded in terms of an object-image relationship, it is always a representation of a life situation, whose image it is. In other words, the literary work in its re-creation of life gives images which are similar to but not identical with life.

If an image is not an identity of the object it represents, then the image contains within itself not only features similar to the object but also features dissimilar to it, for the presence of the similar presupposes the presence of the dissimilar — the two constituting a dialectical whole. The similarity of an image to its object is conditioned by the object-image relationship. That which is dissimilar to the object is conditioned by another factor.

An image is always somebody's creation, i. e. an image has not only its object but also its creator, the author. It implies that:

Firstly. An author, in setting out to re-create a fragment of reality, re-creates those features of it which, to him, seem to be most essential. In doing this he is guided by his own consciousness, his vision of the world (as well as by the laws of verbal art representation). He makes a selection of the features to be represented in the image of the re-created reality, which alone makes the image dissimilar to the object (reality).

In the second place. The object, i. e. reality, is neutral to the observer; the image of reality created by the author is not. For through such an image, the author expresses his vision of the world, his attitude towards the world. Thus, in any image of reality (in a literary work), there are always present, side by side with objective features, subjective ones as well. The subjective is the organizing axis of the literary work, for, in expressing his vision of the world, the author represents reality in the way that he considers to be most fitting. That emerges as a result of such a representation is a world in itself, an imagined world, based, however, on what the author has perceived and imbibed from objective reality.

The Author — the Literary Work— the Reader Relationship

Literature is a medium for transmitting aesthetic information. To be operative, it must, like any other kind of communication, involve not only the addresser (the author) but also the addressee (the reader). Indeed, a literary work is always written for an audience, whether the author admits it or not. When an author sets out to write, he is urged on by a desire to impart his vision of the world, his attitude towards it, to someone, i. e. to an addressee (a reader). His attitude may be quite obviously expressed, or, on the contrary, be presented in a non-committal, seemingly impersonal way. An author may have, each time, a particular kind of reader in mind. But he will always write for a reader whom he expects to share his attitude, imbibe it and adopt it as his own. A truly talented work of imaginative literature always affects the reader, reaches his intellect and emotions, in a way molding both. In this lies the social import of the literary work, its educational value. The more talented the work, the greater is its appeal and, as a result, the greater is its social and educational value and significance. The works of Pushkin, Tolstoi, Chekhov, Dickens, Twain, Hemingway and others prove the truth of this statement.

Thus, the literary work is an act of communication of the author with the reader. But the existence of the relationship: the author — the literary work — the reader should not automatically give grounds for an assumption that what the author has conveyed in the work passes on to the reader naturally and easily. In other words, the reading of the work does not necessarily result in the reader's direct perception of what the author has conveyed.

The complexity of the literary work, since it is an involved interrelation of the objective and the subjective, the real and the imagined, the direct and the implied, makes the perception of it a creative effort. He, who penetrates into the subtleties of the literary work, is sharing the author's aesthetic world. He becomes a sort of a co-creator, a fact, which alone makes reading an aesthetic pleasure. While, on the other hand, one who does not see the involved nature of the literary work tends to oversimplify it. It is oversimplification when one sees only the surface (plot) level of the book, the literary characters and conflicts as life individuals engaged in life conflicts. Needless it is to point out that in the latter case the reader has not profited by the book as he otherwise might.

Language, the Medium of Literature

Each art has its own medium, i.e. its own material substance. Colours are the material substance of painting, sounds — the material substance of music. It is language that is the material substance of literature. Each art and its material substance constitute a unity of content and form; indeed, the material substance is inseparable from its content. This statement can be proved by the fact that no art is adequately translatable into another. A symphony cannot be adequately rendered into a piece of sculpture, a piece of sculpture — into a literary work, etc.

Each kind of art presupposes its own material substance, so that one and the same theme can constitute different aesthetic realities when rendered in colours, sounds, stone, or words.

This radical "otherness" of language as compared to colours, sounds, stone, etc. manifests itself both in its art function (i.e. in imaginative literature) and in life in general.

Language is capable of transmitting practically any kind of information. It has names for all things, phenomena and relations of objective reality. It is so close to life that an illusion of their almost complete identity is created, for man lives, works and thinks in the medium of language; his behaviour finds an important means of expression primarily in language.

Further, language bears within itself national idiosyncrasies generally known as idiomaticity. These idiosyncrasies are clearly recognizable when one language is compared with another, or when a person speaks a tongue foreign to him. So indivisible is one's native language from one's nationality (here we have in view the case when one speaks his native tongue from childhood on into maturity) that when a person speaks a language foreign to him, though as well-mastered as it can be, his own nationality, nevertheless, can be clearly identified.

Language is constantly changing. Changes in language are brought about by external, i.e. social causes (for language develops simultaneously with the culture of the people that speaks it) as well as by internal causes. The results of all these changes remain in the language. (Consider, for example, the division of words and the meanings of words into present, obsolete and archaic.)

None of those features pertain to the material substance of other arts. They are peculiar to language alone.

Meanings of Linguistic Units

a) **Denotative meaning of the word.** An act of verbal communication between the speaker and the hearer is made possible primarily due to the fact that units of communication (i.e. words) are referable to extralinguistic situations, things meant. The word denotes a concrete thing as well as a concept of a thing. the word has a denotative meaning. Thus, the word *blue* denotes an object that is

blue (*a blue dress*) and the respective concept: something blue or blueness. The word *table* denotes any object that is a table; it is the name of a whole class of objects that are tables.

An isolated word *table* denotes the concept of the thing that is a table. The word *table* within a certain context denotes a definite thing, i. e. has a definite meaning (*He bought a deal table*). The property of the word enabling it to denote a concrete thing as well as a generalized concept of a thing is an objective feature which has been worked out in the course of a people's history. The knowledge of the word-denotation is shared by all those who speak in the given language and this is what makes communication possible. Denotative meaning is thus the leading task of any notional word.

b) **Connotative meaning of the word.** The word besides denoting a concrete thing, action, or concept, may also carry a connotation, an overtone. These overtones or connotations vary in character.

The list and specification of connotational meanings varies with different linguistic schools and individual scholars and includes such entries as *pragmatic* (directed at the perlocutionary effect of utterance), *associative* (connected, through individual psychological or linguistic associations, with related and non-related notions), *ideological*, or *conceptual* (revealing political, social, ideological references of the user), *evaluative* (stating the value of the indicated notion), *emotive* (revealing the emotional layer of cognition and perception), *expressive* (aiming at creating the image of the object in question), *stylistic* (indicating 'the register', or the situation of the communication).

The above-mentioned meanings are classified as connotational not only because they supply additional (and not the logical/denotational) information, but also because, for the most part, they are observed not all at once and not in all words either. Some of them are more important for the act of communication than the others. Very often they overlap. So, all words possessing an emotive meaning are also evaluative (e.g. 'rascal', 'ducky'), though this rule is not reversed, as we can find non-emotive, intellectual evaluation (e.g. 'good', 'bad'). Also, all emotive words (or practically all, for that matter) are also expressive, while there are hundreds of expressive words which cannot be treated as emotive (take, for example the so-called expressive verbs, which not only denote some action or process but also create their image, as in 'to gulp' = to swallow in big lumps, in a hurry; or 'to sprint' = to run fast).

The number, importance and the overlapping character of connotational meanings incorporated into the semantic structure of a word, are brought forth by the context, i.e. a concrete speech act that identifies and actualizes each one. More than that: each context does not only specify the existing semantic (both denotational and connotational) possibilities of a word, but also is capable of adding new ones, or deviating rather considerably from what is registered in the dictionary.

Connotation in the Word's Dictionary Meaning

An emotive component of meaning may have linguistic expression with the help of suffixes; for example, the suffix *ie/y* in such words, as *birdie*, or *Freddy* serves to express the diminutive/the hypocoristic. The emotive component of meaning may have no specific linguistic form but be contained in the concept the given word denotes, as for example, in the words *horrid*, *terrifying*, *lovely*, etc. There are words of purely emotive meaning. These are interjections which differ from words with denotative meanings (i.e. notional words) by their peculiar sound pattern: *oh*, *ouch*, *alas*, *hm*, etc. They also differ by their syntactic role in an utterance: they are not components but equivalents of sentences.

Stylistic reference. Verbal communication takes place in different spheres of human activity, such as everyday life, business, science, etc. Each of these spheres has a peculiar mode of linguistic expression which, is generally known as a functional style. Words that are preferably used in one functional style are said to have a stylistic reference conditioned by the respective sphere.

The overtone of stylistic reference is always present in the word alongside its denotative meaning. This can well be illustrated by sets of words with similar denotative meanings: *get* — *obtain* — *procure*; *dismiss* — *discharge* — *sack*; *follow* — *pursue* — *go after*. Words may be grouped together on the basis of their common stylistic reference. Consider, for example, the following groups of words:

<i>inquire</i>	<i>ask</i>
<i>obtain</i>	<i>get</i>
<i>proceed</i>	<i>go</i>
<i>pursue</i>	<i>run after</i>
<i>seek</i>	<i>look for</i>

Each of these two groups represents a different stylistic layer: the first group contains words of a literary-bookish layer, the second — stylistically neutral words.

While speaking about stylistic reference, the following factor should be emphasized: stylistic reference can be recognized only when there is some common element to refer to. This common element is the similarity of denotation, or, in other words, synonymy of words. Where there is just one word to denote a certain concept or object of reality there would be no question of stylistic reference. Thus, the major dichotomy is to be found between stylistically neutral vs. stylistically marked words.

Subdivisions within the class of stylistically marked words are numerous. But the main opposition lies between words of literary stylistic layer (*words of*

Standard English) and those of non-literary stylistic layer (*words of Sub-Standard English*).

Words of literary stylistic layer (Standard English). They are in their turn divided into literary-colloquial and literary-bookish.

Literary-colloquial are words denoting everyday concepts, they constitute the core of the wordstock (see, come, home, right).

Literary-bookish include:

a) Terms, subdivided into: 1) popular terms of some special spheres of human knowledge known to the public at large (typhoid, pneumonia); 2) terms used exclusively within a profession (phoneme, micro-linguistics);

b) Poeticisms, words used exclusively in poetry and the like. Many of these words are archaic or obsolete, such as *whilome* (sometimes), *ought* (anything), *ne* (no, not), *haply* (may be); *for ay* (for ever), *I ween* (I suppose), *he kens* (he knows); *childe* (a nobleman's son);

c) Foreign words and barbarisms (*bon mot*, *neglige*, *au revoir*; *ad absurdum*, *Bundeswehr*). A distinction is made between the two. Barbarisms are considered to be part of the vocabulary of the given language constituting its peripheral layer. They are usually registered in dictionaries (*a propos*, *vis-a-vis*, etc.) while foreign words are, as a rule, not found in dictionaries. In literature barbarisms are generally used to lend local colour: *pied-a-terre* (a small flat), *croissants* (breakfast, bread), etc. But it would also be true to say that no straight line of demarcation can be drawn between the two groups.

Words of non-literary stylistic layer (Sub-Standard English). This layer also includes several subgroups:

a) Colloquialisms. Words that occupy an intermediate position between literary and non-literary stylistic layers and are used in conversational type of everyday speech, (*awfully sorry*, *a pretty little thing*, etc.)

b) Slangisms. Words that have originated in everyday speech and exist on the periphery of the lexical system of the given language: *go crackers* (*go mad*); *garr* (*god*); *belt up* (*keep silence*); *big-head* (*a boaster*);

c) Professionalisms. Words characteristic of the conversational variant of professional speech. Contrary to terms, professionalisms are the result of metonymic or metaphoric transference of some everyday words: *bull* (*one who buys shares at the stock-exchange*); *bear* (*one who sells shares*); *sparks* (*a radio-operator*); *tin-hat* (*helmet*), etc.

d) Vulgarisms. Rude words or expressions used mostly in the speech of the uncultured and the uneducated, e. g. *missus* (*wife*), *son of a bitch* (*a bad person*), etc.

The border-line between colloquialisms, slangisms and vulgarisms is often hard to draw for there are hardly any linguistic criteria of discrimination. This explains why one finds so many discrepancies in how these stylistic subgroups are labelled in various dictionaries.

Two more subgroups of the non-literary stylistic layer should be mentioned.

e) Jargonisms (cantisms). Words used within certain social and professional groups.

f) Regional dialectisms. Words and expressions used by peasants and others in certain regions of the country: baccy (tobacco), unbeknown (unknown), winder (window), etc.

Stylistic reference and emotive charge are inherent connotative features of lexical units. They should not be confused with those connotative effects which practically any word may acquire in speech (text).

It should also be mentioned here, that the word "connotation" is applicable not only to words. Elements smaller than words, such as certain speech sound clusters may also be carriers of some implied (indirectly expressed) idea or attitude.

Denotation and Connotation in Imaginative Literature

A linguistic element is ambiguous within the text of imaginative literature. It is ambiguous in that it occurs in two types of contexts at once. It occurs in a linguistic context, i.e. in a certain sequence of words which condition, first and foremost, the realization of its denotative meaning; and, then, it occurs in an aesthetic context, i.e. in the context of the given literary work which conditions the realization of its connotative meaning. Thus, the verb *to rob* within the following word sequence "*Mrs. John Dashwood did not approve of what her husband intended to do for his sisters. To take three thousand pounds from the fortune of their dear little boy would be impoverishing him to the most dreadful degree... How could he answer it to himself to rob his child, and his only child too, of so large a sum?*", taken as a mere linguistic context, has the denotative meaning of "*to deprive a person of what is due to him*". But the verb *to rob* acquires a specific connotation when we view the above-cited word sequence within the aesthetic reality of Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility" from which it is taken. The author's attitude of ridicule and disapproval of Mrs. John Dashwood imbues the verb *rob* with the connotation of irony if not that of sarcasm. The example, short as it is, may nevertheless illustrate the fact that the involved nature of the phenomenon called *literary work* manifests itself in an involved interplay of denotative and connotative meanings within the linguistic unit.

The function of connotation in creative literature can be illustrated by a paraphrase. The paraphrase may closely reproduce the denotations contained in the original — it means the same. But the emotive qualities supplied by words of the original in their specific combination completely evaporate. Take this from Shelley: "*My soul is an enchanted Boat*". The paraphrase: "*My inner self resem-*

bles a vessel under a spell" does not possess in the least the connotative qualities of the original.

Generally speaking, the obvious plane of the literary work (its theme and its plot) is usually expressed in word denotations, while the implied plane (the author's attitude, the author's message) are found in word connotations.

Connotations materialize in linguistic elements of different layers: phonetic (speech-sound clusters), grammatical (grammar categories, grammar constructions) and lexical (polysemantic lexemes, etc.). As a rule, all these elements interact in the text.

Connotative Function of Speech-Sound Clusters

Connotativeness of speech-sound clusters manifests itself in all genres of imaginative literature. But it is in poetry that its manifestation is especially palpable.

A superaverage accumulation of a certain class of phonemes or a contrastive assemblage of two opposite classes in the sound texture of a line or stanza may create a certain undercurrent of meaning, such as, for instance, a sound image of running water in "The Brook", by Tennyson.

*I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.*

*By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.*

*Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever...*

*I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.*

In this and other poems of the kind (such as "The Bells" by E.A.Poe, R.Southey's "How Does the Water Come Down at Lodore", and others) words

are almost unperceived as carriers of certain denotations; they seem to be dissected and put together anew to express a desired meaning (B.Eichenbaum). The last stanza of the cited poem with its superaverage accumulation of [t], [bl], [pb] phoneme clusters is quite expressive in this respect.

Sound connotations are, no doubt, more palpable in poetry due to the role that rhythm (the regular recurrence of accented syllables) plays in it.

But in narrative prose, too, recurrent sound-clusters may create an undercurrent meaning.

Take, for instance, the introductory passage to E. Caldwell's "Wild Flowers".

"The mockingbird that had perched on the roof top all night, filling the clear cool air with its music, had flown away when the sun rose. There was silence as deep and mysterious as the flat sandy country that extended mile after mile in every direction. Yesterday's shadows on the white sand began to reassemble under the trees and around the fence posts, spreading on the ground the lacy foliage of the branches and the fuzzy slabs of the wooden fence".

A superaverage assemblage of the recurrent [f], [l], [m], [n] (*filling, clear, cool, flown, mile, foliage, fence, etc.*) contrasted to the [s], [t], [d], [p] (*top, deep, mysterious, extended, direction, reassemble, post, spreading*) seem to cut through the words, rearranging them into new units. These and the palpably measured rhythm they create are suggestive of the passage's atmosphere: a mysterious hush descended, with the rising of the sun, upon the great vastness of the flat, sandy country.

The sound form of literary characters may also be suggestive (Gogol's Akakii Akkakiévich, or Dickens' Mr. Pickwick).

In short, the latent connotative potentialities of speech-sound clusters are widely exploited not only in poetry, but in prose as well.

Connotative Function of Grammar Categories

In a literary text grammar forms and categories, let alone grammar constructions, can be imbued with very subtle poetic implications.

Poetic resources concealed in grammar are great indeed. And truly talented writers know how to put them to use. Thus, W. Scott, a great master of the so-called imitation style, by the employment of obsolete forms of personal pronouns and obsolete inflections of verbs, as well as specific syntactic constructions has managed to convey the flavour of the epoch he writes about. Consider, for instance, the following extract from the novel "Castle Dangerous" which tells of the times of Robert Bruce, the brave fighter for Scotland's independence.

"I advise thee," said the minstrel, 'for thine own sake, Sir John de Walton do beware how thou dost insist on thy present purpose, by which thou thyself alone,

of all men living, will most severely suffer. If thou harmest a hair of that young man's head, — nay, if thou permittest him to undergo any privation which it is in thy power to prevent, thou wilt, in doing so, prepare for thine own suffering a degree of agony more acute than anything else in this mortal world could cause thee."

Connotative Function of Word Stylistic Reference

Within a literary text the word, as a carrier of a certain stylistic reference, may acquire a variety of connotative effects. Thus, for instance, a bias towards a certain stylistic reference may suggest the character's social, educational, cultural, professional, territorial, etc. background.

Speech characterization may be *direct*, this occurs when the author makes the personage speak for himself, as, in the following from E. Caldwell's story "The Corduroy Pants":

"How be you, Abe?" he inquired cautiously.

'Hell, I'm always well,' Abe said, without looking up from the step ...

'I'm mighty much obliged for the ride,' he said. 'I been wanting to take a trip over Skowhegan way for a year or more.'"

Or this from J. Galsworthy's "To Let":

"Epatant!" ... The other boyish voice replied: 'Missed it, old bean; he's pulling your leg. When Jove and Juno created he them, he was saying: "I'll see how much these fools will swallow. And they've lapped up the lot!"' 'You young duffer! Vospovitch is an innovator. Don't you see that he's brought satire into sculpture? The future of plastic art, of music, painting and even architecture, has set in satire! ...'"

In the first of the quoted examples the dialectal "How be you", "I been wanting", the vulgar "hell", the slangy "mighty much" characterize the speakers as uncultured and uneducated. The second example presents a more involved case of speech characterization. A combination of the slangy "missed it", "old bean", "young duffer" with the barbarism "epatant" and the literary-bookish "innovator", "brought satire into sculpture", etc. is suggestive of the speakers' social status as well as of their state of mind. The attentive reader will see by these shifts that the slanginess of the speakers is not that of the uneducated and the uncultured, that it is all assumed and that its crudeness is intentional. These features, in their own way, suggest an image of the English post-war, middle-class generation.

Direct speech characterization in which words of different stylistic layers co-occur is often a means of creating humorous effects. In R. Kipling's "Just So Stories" the elephant's child, along with nursery forms of everyday words, uses very learned words which are often out of place. "Scuse me (excuse me), but

have you seen such a thing as Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?" The dictionary meaning of the word promiscuous is "disorderly, confused", but to the elephant's child, it may possibly mean "in this vicinity" on the sound association with proximate, vicinity.

Speech characterization may be *indirect* (reported). This is when the words, which definitely bear an imprint of the character's manner of speaking, occur within the author's narration. For instance, in G. Greene's story "Special Duties" the author's narration is permeated with words and phrases whose ponderous literary-bookish tint betray them as belonging to the protagonist, Mr. Ferraro: "dreary banners", "dubious girls", "inefficiently clothed", "the warmth of the day caused her to appear...", etc. The stylistic tint of these words coincides with that of Mr. Ferraro's direct speech (cf. "My only point of superstition"; "It has no basis, of course, in the teaching of the Church"; "We are taught... to pay first attention to our own souls"; etc.) and harmonizes with the image of this impregnably self-contained businessman.

A bias in stylistic reference can be a means of *epoch characterization*. The author then writes in the style of another period using obsolete or archaic words and constructions. True, to write completely in the idiom of old times is both difficult and risky: the author must be absolutely sure of the correct usage of words and constructions. He must also regard the reader for whom an exactly reproduced language of the past may prove tiresome and difficult to follow.

Much more impressive is the so-called imitation style based on a sparing use of obsolete and archaic words and constructions and the avoidance of anything obviously modern.

A bias in stylistic reference can be a means of rendering *local colour*. Thus, French words used in G. Greene's "The Quiet American" render something of the Saigon atmosphere, the then capital of France's colony, e. g. "It was the Saigon pied-a-terre (a flat) of a rubber planter". "The hot wet crachin (rain) had settled on the north". "How much you pride yourself on being degage (uninvolved)". "There was a big man who I think was a hotelier (a hotelkeeper) from Pnom Penh".

What we have mentioned above are just some of the numerous effects which the category of stylistic reference may convey. Here is one other connotation: a bias in the stylistic reference of the word-choice can suggest *the image of the author himself*. Take Hemingway. The words this author chooses to convey his message in are for the most part common Anglo-Saxon words.

"I would come back to Africa but not to make a living from it. I could do that with two pencils and a few hundred sheets of the cheapest paper. But I would come back to where it pleased me to live, to really live. Not just let my life pass. Our people went to America because that was the place to go then. It had been a good country and we made a bloody mess of it. Our people had seen it at its best

and fought for it when it was worth fighting for. Now I would go somewhere else. We always went in the old days and there were still good places to go."

This tendency in word-choice as manifested in the above-quoted passage from "Green Hills of Africa" is primarily an expression of the author's stand in art.

I. Kashkin, the Soviet literary critic and translator, the man who did much to make the works of Hemingway known to the Russian reader, used to say that Hemingway's search for the truth in art, his moral and ethical honesty have found their expression in the very character of the words which constitute the core of his vocabulary: they are common, simple and strikingly exact.

It should be stated in conclusion that the tendencies in word-choice as far as stylistic reference is concerned tint the writing as conversational or, on the contrary, ponderous; plain (undecorated) or, on the contrary, embellished, flowery, etc.

(From: *Kukhareno V.A. A Book of Practice in Stylistics. M.: Higher School. 1986. P. 10-100; Sosnovskaya V.B. Analytical Reading. M.: Higher School. 1974. P. 5-24.*)

Points for Discussion

- 1 The literary work and its relationship to the reality, the author, and the reader.
- 2 The components of lexical meaning of linguistic units (denotational vs. connotational).
- 3 Connotation and its components (evaluative, emotive, expressive, stylistic, as-sociative, ideological, pragmatic, etc.). The emotive charge and stylistic refer-ence of the word's dictionary meaning.
- 4 Stylistic differentiation of the English vocabulary:
 - a) neutral words, common literary and common colloquial vocabulary;
 - b) special literary vocabulary;
 - c) special colloquial vocabulary.
- 5 Denotation and connotation in imaginative literature.
- 6 Connotative function of word stylistic reference in imaginative literature:
 - a) direct speech characterization;
 - b) indirect speech characterization;
 - c) epoch characterization;
 - d) rendering local colour;
 - e) suggesting the author's image.

Assignments

- 1 Find words belonging to different stylistic groups and subgroups in the story «I Knock at the Door» by Sean O'Casey. Specify the type of discourse where you found it - authorial speech (narration, description, argumentation), the character's speech, etc. State the function of word stylistic reference in each case.
- 2 Provide examples illustrating connotative function of speech-sound clusters, grammar categories and lexical units in the story mentioned above. Which components of connotation are at work in each case?
- 3 Explain the following notions:

denotative meaning

emotive charge

words of purely emotive meaning

dichotomy

connotative meaning

stylistic reference

functional style

speech characterization

Reports

- 1 Возможности создания дополнительной смысловой и эстетической информации высказывания при помощи актуализации единиц фоно-графического уровня:
 - а) звуковой повтор (аллитерация);
 - б) ономастическая аллитерация;
 - в) ударение;
 - г) графон;
 - д) графико-изобразительное оформление текста (дефисация, курсив и пр.).
- 2 Возможности морфемного уровня в создании дополнительной содержательной и эстетической насыщенности сообщения.
- 3 Актуализация синсемантической лексики в художественном тексте:
 - а) артикль;
 - б) местоимение;
 - в) союз;
 - г) предлог.
- 4 Актуализация автосемантической лексики в художественном тексте.
- 5 Синтаксический уровень и его роль в создании дополнительной содержательной и изобразительной емкости художественного текста.

Further Reading

- 1 Арнольд И.В. Стилистика современного английского языка. Л.: Просвещение. 1973. С. 102-291.
- 2 Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. М.: Просвещение, 1988. С. 4-67.
- 3 Пелевина Н.Ф. Стилистический анализ художественного текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1980. С. 83-184.
- 4 Galperin I.R. Stylistics. M.: Higher School. 1977. P. 70-246.
- 5 Ginzburg R.S. A Course in Modern English Lexicology. M.: Higher School. 1979. P. 18-23.
- 6 Prokhorova V.I., Soshalskaya E.G. Oral Practice Through Stylistic Analysis. M.: Higher School, 1979. P. 30-36.

Section II

LITERARY TEXT AS POETIC STRUCTURE

Verbal and Supraverbal Layers of the Literary Text

While reading a literary text one gradually moves from the first word of it on to the last. The words one reads combine into phrases, phrases into sentences, sentences into paragraphs, paragraphs making up larger passages; chapters, sections, and parts. All these represent the verbal layer of the literary text.

At the same time when one reads a text of imaginative literature one cannot but see another layer gradually emerging out of these verbal sequences. One sees that word sequences represent a series of events, conflicts and circumstances in which characters of the literary work happen to find themselves.

One sees that all these word-sequences make a composition, a plot, a genre, and a style, that they all go to create an image of reality and that through this image the author conveys his message, his vision of the world.

Plot, theme, composition, genre, style, image and the like make the supraverbal (poetic) layer which is, nevertheless, entirely revealed in verbal sequences. The supraverbal and the verbal layers of the text are thus inseparable from each other. The fact that all the elements of the literary text, such as those mentioned above, materialize in word sequences makes the latter acquire a meaning that is superimposed by the whole of the literary text.

Thus, the text of a literary work or any part of such is not a mere linguistic entity, it is something more involved. The involved nature of the literary text

makes it entirely individual (unique), makes it essentially unsubstutable for any other word sequences. When we substitute some part of a literary text, i.e. some given word sequence for a synonymous one, we simultaneously change the content, for the content of the literary work is indivisible from its text. (It should be mentioned here that it is in the literary text that the etymological meaning of the word text / from the Latin textum, texo — to weave / is completely motivated.) A linguistic text, on the contrary, allows of substitution; one verbal sequence may have a sense similar to that of another verbal sequence, consequently, one verbal sequence may stand for another, e. g. the sentence: "He was one of the most inefficient liars I have ever known" when viewed just as a linguistic entity allows of a number of substitutions, such as: "one could easily see when he told a lie", or "he didn't know how to tell a lie", etc. When this sentence is part of a literary text its meaning cannot be completely rendered in so many other synonymous words. Something of the meaning will be left un conveyed. And this something is the implication the sentence acquires from the whole of the supravverbal layer. To understand what "an inefficient liar" means in the sentence given above as part of a literary text we have to know the whole poetic context, in this case the poetic context of the novel "The Quiet American" from which the sentence is taken.

The cohesion (сцепление) of the two layers, i.e. of the strictly verbal and the supravverbal constitutes what is known as the poetic structure of the literary text. There is nothing in the literary work that is not expressed in its poetic structure. It is the whole of the poetic structure that conveys the author's message. One element (or component) of the poetic structure is as important as any other, for through them all the author's message is conveyed. All the components of the poetic structure compose a hierarchy, an organization of interdependent layers. The basic unit of the poetic structure is the word. All the various layers of the structure, i.e. the syntactic, the semantic, the rhythmical, the compositional, the stylistic are expressed in words.

The concept of unity and interdependence of elements in the poetic structure may be illustrated by the following example. The simile "he watched me intently like a prize-pupil" when taken by itself is nothing other than just a play on words, a word-image. But within a literary, text (in this case — "The Quiet American") it is a unit which along with others in the system of similes (and the latter in its turn as a unit in the system of all tropes and figures of speech used in the novel) goes to depict the image of Pyle. The image of Pyle in its turn, as one of the character-images together with all the other ones in the novel, goes to convey the author's message.

Representation of the literary work in terms of a structure or a hierarchy of layers presupposes the concept of macro- and micro-elements (components) and bears upon form-content relationship.

Macro- and micro-elements is a functional, not an absolute category. Within a literary work a simile, for instance, is a micro-element in relation to a macro-element which may be the image of a character, and the latter, in its

turn, is a micro-element in relation to the macro-element which is the literary work itself, understood as an image of reality.

The fact that macro-elements of a literary work are made out of micro-elements means in the final analysis that micro-elements are form in relation to macro-elements which are content.

An isolated simile taken by itself as any other verbal entity is a unity of content and form. The same simile within a literary work is either form or content depending upon the element in relation to which it is taken. Thus, the simile he watched me intently like a prize-fighter is form in relation to the macro-element, the image of Pyle, which this simile goes to build up. On the other hand, the quoted simile is content in relation to the form, the elements which it is made up of: watched, intently, prize-fighter.

The following should be emphasized in connection with what has just been stated: an analysis in which the idea of the literary work is considered separate from its verbal materialization is an erroneous and harmful practice. It is harmful in that it leads the reader away from the appreciation of the essence of verbal art.

Principles of Poetic Structure Cohesion

Each literary work is a unique instance of imaginative representation of reality. Imaginative representation, however, has its own principles (known as aesthetic principles) which cohere all elements of the literary text and render it possible for the latter to constitute a world complete in itself. These principles are common to all literary works.

Principle of Incomplete Representation

Wholeness in art is different from wholeness in actual reality. An author in re-creating an object or phenomenon of reality selects out of an infinity of features pertaining to the object only those which are most characteristic. In other words, a literary image represents features that are most characteristic of an object, or which at least, seem such to the author. For instance, in the description of a farmhouse (J. Steinbeck's "The Chrysanthemums") the following features are singled out: "It was a hard-swept looking house, with hard-polished windows, and a clean mudmat on the front steps." The farm-house had many other peculiarities, no doubt. But those selected very well convey the image of the place. Moreover, they indirectly suggest the image of its owner, the vigorous, beauty-seeking Eliza. Thus, the author, in depicting an image, makes a selection: he picks out part (or parts) which can stand for the whole.

All images in a literary text, those of people, events, situations, landscapes and the like are incompletely represented. At least two factors seem to condition this. First, the linguistic factor. Verbal representation of the whole image is a venture which cannot or should hardly ever be endeavoured. This would take up innumerable pages of writing in which the image itself would invariably be dissolved, for there is a considerable disproportion between linguistic means of representation and the reality which is to be represented. The second, and the main, is the aesthetic factor. Literature, as we know, transmits aesthetic information. To achieve this aim literature must first of all stir up the reader's interest. One way to do this is to make the reader strain his perceptive abilities and fill in for himself those fragments of the whole which have been gapped or, as we have termed it, incompletely represented, that is, represented through a part. The part selected to fulfill such a representative function must, indeed, have the power of stirring up the reader's imagination so as to make him visualize the whole. The trick of conveying much through little is one of the greatest secrets of imaginative literature. An achieved harmony of the whole and the part is a sign of a truly talented work.

The degree of incompleteness of representation depends upon the genre of the literary work as well as upon the individual manner of the writer. The degree of incompleteness is greater in lyrical poems and smaller in epic works. But even in large works of narrative prose the degree of incompleteness (or gapping) is considerable.

Poetic detail. The part selected to represent the whole is a poetic detail. The term "poetic detail" defies a rigorous definition for as any other element of poetic structure it is a functional category. It emerges as a result of correlation with other elements of the text and can be evaluated only against the background of all of these. Take, for instance, the following extract from W. Faulkner's story "That Evening Sun" in which Nancy, the main character of the story, a Negro washer-woman, is first introduced: "Nancy would set her bundle (of washing) on the top of her head, then upon the bundle in turn she would set the black straw sailor hat which she wore winter and summer. She was tall, with a high, sad face sunken a little where her teeth were missing. Sometimes we would go a part of the way down the lane and across the pasture with her, to watch the balanced bundle and the hat that never bobbed nor wavered, even when she walked down into the ditch and up the other side and stooped through the fence." Nancy is described by a number of features: the way she set and carried her bundle of washing, her height, her face, her missing teeth. But some of these features stand out more prominent than the other: her "black straw sailor hat which she wore winter and summer" and "her missing teeth". These are the details which suggest the image of Nancy. Not that the reader becomes conscious of their suggestiveness at once. Their full impact may get home to him on recurrence or after he has read more about Nancy and her life.

One way or another, in his appreciation of an image the reader will be guided by detail, for it is by carefully selected details that the author depicts his image.

It would be true to say, that the more vivid the detail the greater is the impetus the reader's imagination receives and, accordingly, the greater is his aesthetic pleasure.

There are details of landscapes, of events, etc. The central image of any literary work, that of a character is manifold, so are the details that represent it. These may be the details of: action, speech, physical portrait, ethical, political views, etc. Here is a detail of Babbitt's speech (S. Lewis, "Babbitt"). Mr. Babbitt and his best friend Paul, greet each other over the telephone.

'How's the old horse-thief?'

'All right, I guess. How're you, you poor shrimp?'

'I'm first-rate, you second-hand hunk o'cheese.'

The author then remarks "Reassured thus of their high fondness, Babbitt grunted..."

Another detail from the same novel gives the reader an idea of Babbitt's (the owner of a real-estate firm) attitude to common workman. "He almost liked common people. He wanted them well paid and able to afford high-rents — though, naturally, they must not interfere with the reasonable profits of stockholders."

A poetic detail may be some directly observed and directly expressed feature of an image. Thus, the image of cold autumn ("In Another Country", by E. Hemingway) is conveyed in such details of simple and direct perceptions which may be described as verbal photography: "... small birds blew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers." ... "On one of them (bridges) a woman sold roasted chestnuts. It was warm, standing in front of her charcoal fire, and the chestnuts were warm afterward in your pocket."

A detail of the depicted image, on the other hand, may be represented in an association with some other phenomenon. In such a case it usually takes the form of a trope as in the following detail of the winter-in-Salinas-valley description from J. Steinbeck's story "The Chrysanthemums": "(the fog) sat like a lid on the mountains and made of a great valley a closed pot."

The nature of a truly poetic detail is such that it both typifies and individualizes the image.

Principle of Analogy and Contrast

Analogy and contrast are known to be universal principles of cognition. It is by analogy that the essence of a phenomenon is revealed, the similar and the contrastive in different phenomena discovered.

In the arts and especially in literature analogy/contrast is a way of imaginative cognition. The author contra- and juxtaposes images of real life and in that way reveals the good and the evil, the beautiful and the ugly, the just and the unjust in life.

Analogy and contrast are the organizing axis of poetic structure. They permeate the whole text, all its components, both macro- and micro-: the character and the event representation, the imagery, etc. G. Greene's novel "The Quiet American" may very well serve as an illustration. The author's ethical message, that of the man's responsibility in the modern world, is conveyed by a contrast of the two main characters; Fowler and Pyle. The author depicts them as antipodes in everything: in their physical appearances, in their spiritual and mental make-up, in the stand they take on all essential issues of life. Pyle is young and quiet. With his "unused face, with his gangly legs and his crew-cut, his wide campus gaze" he seemed, at first sight, "incapable of harm". He came to the East full of York Harding's ideas about the Third Force, eager to help them materialize.

Fowler, on the contrary, is an aging man, cynical and sophisticated. He prides himself on detachment, on being uninvolved, on not belonging to this war. Step by step showing Pyle's activity in Viet-Nam the author makes the reader see that in the tragic world of that country it is the quiet, earnest Pyle that turns out to be cold, cruel and menace-carrying. He is impregably armoured by York Harding's teaching and his own ignorance. His innocence, the author says, is a kind of insanity.

The cynical Fowler, the man who had prided himself on not being involved, on the contrary, comes to realize that he is responsible for the war "as though those wounds had been inflicted by him." Pyle did not abandon his stand, York Harding and his teaching. Civilians killed in the street are just mere war casualties for him. To Fowler their deaths cannot be "justified by any amount of killed soldiers".

Thus, it is through the antithesis of Pyle — Fowler and the spiritual and ethical worlds they represent that the author conveys his idea of what man's true responsibility is, of what man should do in the world torn by enmity and conflict.

The principle of analogy and contrast may not be so explicit in some works as it is in the work we have mentioned above, but it infallibly finds a manifestation in any literary work.

As will best shown below, analogy and contrast underlie quite a number of such elements of poetic structure as tropes and figures of speech.

Principle of Recurrence

When we read a literary text our thought does not run in just one, onward, direction. Its movement is both progressive and recursive: from the given item it goes on to the next with a recursive what has been previously stated.

This peculiar movement of the thought is conditioned by the fact that the literary text represents a cohesion of two layers the verbal and the supravverbal. The supravverbal layer is not coincident with the strictly verbal layer. The verbal is direct, linear, the supravverbal is essentially recursive.

When we begin to read a book we do not yet perceive the complexity of the content contained in the whole of it, though the text (considering that it is written in the language we know) is well understood by us. The covered portion of the text is part of the literary work and as such it gives us but a rough approximation of the meaning of the whole work. This part, however, deepens our understanding of that portion of the text, which we proceed to read. And the newly read portion of the text adds to our perception of the whole. In this recursive or spiral-like manner we gather the content of the literary work as a whole.

Poetic structure of the literary text is so modeled that certain of its elements which have already occurred in the text recur again at definite intervals. These recurrent elements may be a poetic detail, an image, a phrase, a word.

The recurrence of an element may have several functions, i.e. be meaningful in a variety of ways. One of these functions is that of organizing the subject matter, giving it a dynamic flow. Consider, for instance, the following expository passage from E. Hemingway's "Old Man at the Bridge" and see how the recurrent phrase "old man" organizes and frames it up. "An old man with steel-rimmed spectacles and very dusty clothes sat by the side of the road. There was a pontoon bridge across the river and carts, trucks, and men, women and children were crossing it. The mule-drawn carts staggered up the steep bank from the bridge with soldiers helping push against the spokes of the wheels. The trucks ground up and away heading out of it all and the peasants plodded along in the ankle deep dust. But the old man sat there without moving. He was too tired to go any farther."

A recurrent element may represent the leit-motif of the literary work, expressing the author's message as, for instance, in "The Basement Room" by G. Greene. The story tells about a seven-year-old boy whose parents have gone on a fortnight's vacation leaving him in charge of the butler, Baines, and his wife, Mrs. Baines. The boy descends into the basement room, the dwelling-place of the Baines' and ... finds himself involved in their life, with its conflicts, its secrets and its bitterness. Each of them, in turn, entrusts his/her secret to the boy and expects him to keep it. The boy is entirely on the side of the butler, he hates and abhors the butler's wife. But when it hap-

pens that the butler unintentionally causes the death of his wife, the boy betrays him to the police, for he feels it unbearable to keep the secret, to have the responsibility Baines has laid upon him.

The following two sets of phrases run parallel to each other at certain intervals through the whole of the story. The first set is: "Philip began to live"; "this is life", "this was life"; "it was life he was in the middle of;" "Philip extracted himself from life"; "a retreat from life". And the second set: "And suddenly he felt responsible for Baines"; "Again Philip felt responsibility"; "He would have nothing to do with their secrets, the responsibilities they were determined to lay on him"; "he surrendered responsibility once and for all." These two recurrent sets of phrases run as the leit-motif of the story: living means having responsibilities, asserts the author; when one surrenders responsibilities one retreats from life.

It may be mentioned here in passing that it is upon the recurrent elements (phonetic, syntactic, lexical, etc.) and their peculiar distribution within the poetic structure that the rhythm of the text largely depends, for rhythm is repetition with variation.

Quite a number of figures of speech are based upon the principle of recurrence.

(From: *Sosnovskaya V.B. Analytical Reading. M.: Higher School. 1974. P. 25-34.*)

Points for Discussion

- 1 Verbal and supravverbal layers of the literary text.
- 2 Macro- and micro-elements of the literary text and their relation to content and form.
- 3 Principles of poetic structure cohesion:
 - a) the principle of incomplete representation; poetic detail;
 - b) the principle of analogy and contrast;
 - c) the principle of recurrence.

Reports

- 1 Текст как коммуникативная единица и его основные категории.
- 2 Возможности образования текстовых парадигм: функционально-стилевая, жанровая, индивидуально-авторская специфика текста. Текстовая синтагматика.
- 3 Роль отдельных элементов композиционно-речевой структуры художественного текста в актуализации текстовых категорий:
 - a) заголовков;
 - б) имя собственное;
 - в) художественная деталь.

Assignments

- 1 Illustrate the interdependence of macro- and micro-elements in the story 'I Knock at the Door' by Sean O'Casey. What is their content-form relationship?
- 2 How is the principle of incomplete representation realized in the story? What poetic details help you visualize the whole? Give at least two examples.
- 3 Does the principle of analogy and contrast find a manifestation in the story? Which components of its poetic structure are juxtaposed (compared)?
- 4 Name the recurrent elements in the story. What is the function of the principle of recurrence here?
- 5 Explain the following notions:

verbal layer

supraverbal layer

poetic detail

poetic structure

cohesion

antithesis

Further Reading

- 1 Гальперин И.Р. Текст как объект лингвистического исследования. М.: Наука, 1981.
- 2 Колшанский Г.В. Текст как единица коммуникации. В кн.: Проблемы общего и германского языкознания. М.: Изд-во Моск. ун-та, 1978.
- 3 Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. М.: Просвещение, 1988. С. 68-120.

Section III

COMPONENTS OF POETIC STRUCTURE

Macro-components of Poetic Structure

Poetic structure of the literary work involves such entities as image, theme, idea, composition, plot, genre and style. As components of poetic structure they are essentially inseparable from each other, but as basic categories of the theory of literature they may be treated in isolation.

Literary Image. The world of a literary work is the world of its characters, situations, events, etc. similar to those of real life. Characters and the situations they are engaged in may be entirely fantastic, nevertheless, they, too, are inspired by objective reality. Here is how H.W.Longfellow has poetically expressed this idea in his "Song of Hiawatha".

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the bird's nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the foot-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!"

The fact that literary images are similar to life breeds a belief in an untrained reader that literary characters are people of real life and not imaginative representation of the author's perception of life. This is an erroneous belief, stemming from one's ignorance of the intrinsic properties of literature.

Literature cognizes and interprets life by re-creating life in the form of images inspired by life and in accordance with the author's vision. It means that, for instance, Soames from J.Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" is not just an English bourgeois, but a literary character created by Galsworthy in precisely the way his talent, his vision, his understanding of the English middle class life have urged him to create. In giving the image of Soames as well as the other images of "The Forsyte Saga" the author transmits to the reader his own philosophy of life, his ethic and moral code.

Literary image is thus the "language" of literature, the form of its existence.

The term "image" refers not only to the whole of the literary work or to such of its main elements as characters or personages but to any of its meaningful units such as detail, phrase, etc.

Literature being a verbal art, it is out of word sequences that literary images emerge, although images as such are supravocal entities. Consider, for instance, the following word sequences from E. Caldwell's short story "Wild Flowers" that build up an image of nature. "The mocking-bird that had perched on the roof top all night, filling the clear cool air with its music, had flown away when the sun rose. There was silence as deep and mysterious as the flat sandy country that extended mile after mile in every direction. Yesterday's shadows on the white sand began to reassemble under the trees and around the fence posts, spreading on the ground the lacy foliage of the branches and fuzzy slabs of the wooden fence."

All images in the literary work constitute a hierarchical interrelation. The top of this hierarchy is the macro-image, the literary work itself, understood as an image of life visioned and depicted by the author. Say, "The Forsyte Saga" by J.Galsworthy, or "An American Tragedy" by Th.Dreiser taken as a whole. Within the literary work it is the image of the character or characters that top the hierarchy of images. Say, the images of Old Jolion, Soames, Irene, Fleur in "The Forsyte Saga", or the images of Clyde, Roberta in "An American Tragedy".

At the bottom of the hierarchy there is the word-image, or a micro-image: simile, epithet, metaphor, etc. They together with other elements build up character-images, event-images, landscape-images, etc. E.g. "The three with the medals were like hunting-hawks." (E.Hemingway) "The rain hissed on the live-oak and magnolia trees." (R. P. Warren).

Each such micro-image, when in isolation, is just a trope, but within the poetic structure it is an element which, equally with others, shares in the expression of the content. Its meaningfulness becomes apparent when such a word-image or its synonymic variant is found to recur in the text. A. Huxley's story "The Gioconda Smile" is a good example in this respect. Here is its plot: A certain Miss Spence had poisoned the wife of her neighbour, Mr. Hutton, a country gentleman. She had done that in the hope that Mr. Hutton would eventually marry her. But when it became obvious that the gentleman was not in the least inclined to propose to her, she spread rumours accusing Mr. Hutton of the murder. The man was tried and condemned to capital punishment.

The surface layer of the story contains no direct hint of the true nature of Miss Spence. That she is the murderess is revealed to the reader only at the very end. It is the layer of word-images superimposed upon the simple story layer that is suggestive in this respect. It begins with the title: "The Gioconda Smile". The allusive epithet "Gioconda", that describes Miss Spence's smile, later recurs in a number of its variants such as: "her queer face"; "there was something enigmatic about her"; "the mysterious Gioconda"; "there was some kind of a queer face behind the Gioconda smile"; "every woman's small talk was like a vapour hanging over mysterious gulfs"; "a pale mask", etc. Such words as "mysterious", "enigmatic", etc. interplay with another set of phrases suggestive of the nature of the "enigma", e.g. "She leaned forward aimed so to speak, like a gun, and fired her word"; "She was a machine-gun riddling her hostess with sympathy"; "Today the missiles were medical"; "'Your wife is dreadfully ill,' she fired off at him"; "She shot a Gioconda in his direction" and at last: "Her eyes were two profound and menacing gun-barrels". It remains with the reader to put all these suggestive metaphors together and decipher their meaningfulness, the simple story layer being his guide.

Theme and Idea

The theme of a literary work is the represented aspect of life. As literary works commonly have human characters for their subject, of depletion, the theme of a literary work may be understood to be an interaction of human characters under certain circumstances, such as some social or psychological conflict (war and peace, race discrimination, a clash of ideologies, and the like). A writer may depict the same theme, say, the theme of war, from dif-

ferent angles. The same theme may, on the other hand, be differently developed and integrated with other themes in different works. Within a single work the basic theme may alternate with rival themes and their relationship may be very complex. Thus, for instance, the basic theme of "The Forsyte Saga" may be defined as the life of the English middle class at the end of and after the Victorian epoch. This basic theme is disclosed mainly in the representation of the Forsyte family, specifically in its Jolion — Soames lines. The by-themes in this comprehensive trilogy are numerous: the Boer and the First World war, the first Labour government, the post-war generation, the general strike, the arts and artists, etc. They are all linked together to represent a unity. Indeed, a link between the various constructive themes is indispensable: without such a link the literary work loses its essential characteristic, which is unity of all its elements.

The theme of a literary work can be easily understood from the plot (the surface layer) of the work: it allows of a schematic formulation, such, for instance, as: "this is a story of race discrimination in the USA", and the like.

The idea of a literary work are the underlying thought and emotional attitude transmitted to the reader by the whole poetic structure of the literary text. Poetic structure being a multi-layered entity, all of its layers pertain to the expression of the idea.

We shall try to illustrate this by E.Caldwell's seven-page story "Wild Flowers". The story has the direct, metaphorical, and symbolic layers. It is out of an interplay of all these that the poetic idea emerges.

The plot of the story (the direct, surface layer) is austere simple. Somewhere deep in the South of the USA a young tenant and his wife (an expectant mother) are ordered to leave the dilapidated house they live in. The two set out on a long and exhaustive tramp across the lonely country of sand and pines in search of a shelter. Exhaustion precipitates that what otherwise would have come about in another week or two. The husband runs for help which is not easy to find in that country of a few isolated homesteads. When, at length, he returns with two Negroes, who have agreed to help, he finds his wife dead. She has died in childbirth, alone amidst beautiful but indifferent Nature. Such is the surface plot of the story. It tells the tragedy of a young couple, denied a home, and evicted in spite of the condition the woman was in.

This idea, which is easily gathered from the surface layer, is made more profound by a metaphor, a pronounced analogy between the young couple and wild flowers that grow hidden by weeds and scrubs near the road the two trudge by. The metaphor clearly indicated in the title "Wild Flowers", adds a nuance to the idea, expressed in the plot. It ever so imaginatively suggests the frailty of the protagonists' existence, their insecurity in the face of a cruel and indifferent world. The world of those who give orders and evict is not directly shown in the story, it is obliquely represented by a "he", who,

the reader finds out, had been pleaded with by Vern, the husband, to be allowed to stay, but remained adamant. "Doesn't he care, Vern?" asks Nelly, alluding to the state she is in. "I guess, he doesn't," answers Vern.

The story is set amidst Nature. There are just Vern and Nelly and the flat sandy country that extends mile after mile in every direction. In that country of pine and sand the farms and houses are sometimes ten or fifteen miles apart. Silence, deep and mysterious, hangs over the land. The recurrent image of the vast and silent country is not a mere setting of the story. It has an impact more profound, symbolizing the solitude of Vern and Nelly, complete indifference of the vast world to their existence. The image of Nature thus constitutes the symbolic layer of the story.

The reader's discovery of all these layers deepens his perception of the poetic idea, and, as a result, affords him greater aesthetic pleasure.

There are no two works that have exactly the same poetic idea, there are no two works that have exactly the same mode of representation. The poetic idea and its mode of representation form a unity, a unity of content and form.

Plot is a sequence of events in which the characters are involved, the theme and the idea revealed. Events are made up of episodes, episodes, in their turn, of smaller action details. Thus, for example, in "The Quiet American" the events of the war in Viet-Nam are built up out of a series of episodes, such as Fowler's visit to the front-line, his flight, in a French plane, over the front-line villages, his crossing of the river full of dead bodies, etc. The event of Pyle's assassination is prepared and developed in such episodes as Fowler's visit to the lumber-shop in which he finds evidence of Pyle's criminal activity, in the episode of an explosion in the square, instigated by Pyle and others.

Each and every event that represents a conflict (the gist of the plot) has a beginning, a development and an end. The plot, accordingly, consists of exposition, story, climax and denouement.

In the exposition the necessary preliminaries to the action are laid out, such as the time, the place, and the subject of the action. Also some light may be cast on the circumstances that will influence the development of the action. Here is the exposition from L.Hughes's story "Cora Unashamed" that may well illustrate the pattern. "Melton was one of those miserable in-between little places, not large enough to be a town, nor small enough to be a village — that is, a village in the rural, charming sense of the word. Melton had no charm about it. It was merely a non-descript collection of houses and buildings in a region of farms — one of those sad American places with sidewalks, but no paved streets; electric-lights, but no sewage; a station but no trains... Cora Jenkins was one of the least of the citizens of Melton. She was what the people referred to when they wanted to be polite, as a Negress, and when they wanted to be rude, as a nigger — sometimes adding the word

"wench" for no good reason, for Cora was usually an inoffensive soul, except that she sometimes cussed."

Story is that part of the plot which represents the beginning of the collision and the collision itself. In L.Hughes's "Cora Unashamed" (Part 1) it is the arrival at Melton of a white boy, Joe, Cora's short love, and the birth of her baby.

Climax is the highest point of the action. In "Cora Unashamed" it is the death and burial of Cora's baby.

Denouement is the event or events that bring the action to an end. The story referred to (Part 1) ends with Cora returning after the burial of her baby to work for the family of white folks: to nurse their baby.

There is no uniformity as far as the above mentioned elements of the plot and their sequence in the text are concerned. Thus, among short stories, there are such which begin straight with the action (the conflict) without any exposition. Here is how Ring Lardner's story "Haircut" begins "I got another barber that comes from Carterville and helps me out Saturdays, but the rest of the time I can get along all right alone", while others have no denouement in the conventional sense of the word (most of E. Hemingway's stories may serve as an example). A work of narrative prose that has all the elements mentioned above: exposition, story, climax, denouement as clearly discernible parts, is said to have a *closed plot structure*. This type of writing was most consistently cultivated by such American short story writers as W. Irving, E. Poe, N. Hawthorn, Bret Hart, H. James, O. Henry and others.

A literary work in which the action is represented without an obvious culmination, which does not contain all the above mentioned elements understood in their conventional sense, is said to have an *open plot structure*.

Plot structure is not a formal factor. It is as meaningful as any other component of the literary work: whether it is open or closed is conditioned entirely by the content. For illustration let us refer to the short story genre.

There are known two types of short stories.

First: a *plot (action) short story*. As a rule, this type has a closed structure, its plot being built upon one collision. The action dramatically develops only to explode at the very end; the sequence of events thus forms an ascending line from the exposition on to the climax and down to the denouement. O.Henry's stories reveal this pattern very well.

Second: a *psychological (character) short story*. It generally shows the drama of a character's inner world. The structure in such a story is open. The traditional components of the plot are not clearly discernable and the action is less dynamic as compared to that of the plot short story. Many of E.Hemingway's stories are of such a type. Little, if anything, happens in his "Cat in the Rain". A young American couple are staying at an Italian hotel. It is raining. The wife stands at the window looking out at a cat that sits crouching under a table. The wife goes out to fetch the cat, for "it isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain". But the cat is gone. Back in the room

she sits at the mirror, with her husband reading: There is a knock at the door. It is the maid with a big tortoise-shell cat sent to the American wife by the hotel-keeper. The plot, as such, is practically eventless. But an attentive reader will see that the life situation it represents makes only the surface layer. He will also see that out of this surface layer there emerges another — the implied, the metaphoric. The image of a cat crouching under a table to avoid the rain suggests an analogy with the state of misery and nostalgic restlessness the young American woman is in. This poetic content has conditioned the specific composition and plot-structure.

Speaking about the two types of short stories, i.e. the plot short story and the character short story, it should be emphasized that they do not represent the only types. The more usual is the so-called mixed type, which includes a great variety of stories ranging from psychological plot short stories (G. Greene's "Special Duties") to short story-essays (S. Lewis's "Americans in Italy. Mr. Eglantine") in each of which the specific content conditions its own form of representation, i.e. its own type of composition and plot-structure.

It is doubtless, that the content always bears within itself the nucleus of the form.

Plot Structure and Literary Time

Life events span in time; they make a sequence of the past, the present and the future. Each single event takes the place of one that has occurred before so that they all may be figured as forming one straight line. Time in the literary work differs from natural, historical time. The narrative may begin at any moment in the life of the character and end at any other moment, which is not necessarily the one which chronologically follows the former. It may end with the event that preceded those given at the beginning or in the middle of the narrative. Time in the literary work is called literary or poetic, and its representation is conditioned by the laws of narrative literature and the work's content. The difference between a natural sequence of events and their arrangement (or disposition) in a work of narrative prose as well as the meaningfulness of this arrangement may be shown by the example of G. Greene's "The Quiet American".

If we array in chronological order all the major events narrated in the novel, their sequence would be as follows:

a. Fowler, an English reporter, and Pyle, a young American on a special mission in Viet-Nam, meet at a hotel in Saigon.

b. Two months after his arrival Pyle meets Phuong (a young Vietnamese girl, Fowler's mistress) at the same hotel.

c. Fowler goes to the front-line to file news for his newspaper.

d. In the dead of night in the front-line village he is awakened by Pyle who has punted there from Saigon to tell Fowler he loves Phuong.

e. Pyle makes a proposal of marriage to Phuong through Fowler who is to act as an interpreter.

f. Fowler meets Pyle at a Cao daist ceremony held near Saigon. On their way back to Saigon they are both trapped in a paddy-field.

g. Fowler is given evidence of Pyle's subversive activity in Saigon.

h. Phuong leaves Fowler and moves to Pyle's place.

i. A bomb explodes in the Square with heavy civilian casualties and Pyle appears to be responsible for this.

j. Fowler at last "takes sides" and decides to help the Vietnamese communists to eliminate Pyle: he invites Pyle to dine at a restaurant and informs the Vietnamese about it.

k. Pyle does not turn up at the restaurant at the appointed time.

l. Fowler in his flat is anxiously waiting for Pyle until midnight when he and Phuong are suddenly summoned to the French police-station.

m. At the police-station they are asked to identify the body of Pyle.

n. The French police repeatedly make Fowler give proof of his alibi.

o. Fowler is left in peace at last and Phuong is by his side, but there is little peace in his heart.

All the above-enumerated events (only the principal ones are enumerated) could be represented as making one straight line, were they the events that occurred in actual life.

In the novel, however, these events are differently arranged. The first sentence of the novel—"I sat and waited for Pyle in my room over the rue Catinat. He has said, I'll be with you at latest by ten, and when midnight had struck I couldn't stay quiet any longer and went down into the street,"—plunges the reader straight into what is practically the denouement of the novel and what we have marked as point l. The action then moves on to point m. at the police-station, then back to what chronologically makes the first item: Fowler and Pyle meet at a hotel in Saigon, then again, come the events following Pyle's murder: summons to the French police-station; Fowler's visit to Pyle's former flat; Phuong's return, etc. These forward and backward shifts in time characterize the plot-structure of the novel.

The split of the natural time sequence in "The Quiet American" is a device, and as such it has a meaning. Fowler is the narrator of the events, he is also their participant. The narrative is retrospective, i.e. Fowler does not narrate the events as they occur, he speaks of them retrospectively, he re-creates them, bringing them to light from the past. He meditates over them, for he is not just merely an observer, he is an active participant of the drama. He is to take a decision, "he is to take sides". For the man who had prided himself on not being involved, on being just a reporter, the decision is hard to take. He is perturbed and hesitant and this is indirectly conveyed by the split time sequence and the nervous rhythm it creates. When Fowler finally

takes sides for "one has to take sides if one is to remain human", he does so with deep sorrow which is summarily expressed in the last sentence of the novel: "Everything had gone right with me since he (Pyle) had died, but how I wished there existed someone to whom I could say that I was sorry".

Another vivid example of the meaningfulness of literary time representation is W.Faulkner's novel "The Sound and the Fury". It consists of four parts, each being entirely self-contained principally because it is narrated as seen by a different character.

The first part is focused on a 33-year-old idiot. He is the narrator of his own feelings, sensations and distorted memories. There is no time perspective at all in this part as there is no consciousness of time for the imbecile. The past and the present as such do not exist for him. In his mind there are mingled pictures of what must have happened some time ago and what he sees happening now.

The second part is a deliriously confused (temporally and thematically) narration of and about Quentin, the brother of the idiot. The reader gradually comes to understand that what torments him is the thought about his sister Caddy, who is ruined and disgraced. The part ends with Quentin's suicide.

The third and the fourth parts are different from the first two in that the narration here is clear and consistent. The third part is focused on Jason, the third brother, cruel, tough and money-thirsty. He narrates the events as he sees them. He consistently reports the happenings in the family and the reader sees the image of a tyrant, completely devoid of humane warmth and family feeling.

The fourth part, narrated by the author, is focused upon Dilsey, an old Negro woman-servant. She alone retains good sense in this shattered household, she is the stays of it.

There is no natural passage from one part to another, the time perspective is twisted or altogether lost. Due to all this the plot structure of the novel may appear to be oddly if not confusedly organized. But on perusing the whole book the reader comes to perceive the meaningfulness of this device, i.e. the meaningfulness of the twisted time perspective, of the disunity between the parts, etc. The novel narrates about a decayed family of Southern aristocrats, a family that had once been great and thriving but now is defeated from within, is disintegrated and dying. This content has conditioned a specific form: the outward disunity of its parts, a lack of time perspective, etc. Thus, what might seem at first sight to be an oddly loose writing, when viewed from within, from the content, turns out to be meaningful and consequently well-organized.

Composition. The subject matter of a literary work (the sequence of events, character collisions, etc.) may be represented in a variety of ways. Intuitively or not, an author chooses his technique according to his meaning.

Types of Narration and Narrative Compositional Forms

A work of creative prose is never homogeneous as to the form and essence of the information it carries. Both very much depend on the viewpoint of the addresser, as the author and his personages may offer different angles of perception of the same object. Naturally, it is the author who organizes this effect of polyphony, but we, the readers, while reading the text, identify various views with various personages, not attributing them directly to the writer. The latter's views and emotions are most explicitly expressed in the **author's speech** (or **the author's narrative**). The unfolding of the plot is mainly concentrated here, personages are given characteristics, the time and the place of action are also described here, as the author sees them. The author's narrative supplies the reader with direct information about the author's preferences and objections, beliefs and contradictions, i.e. serves the major source of shaping up the *author's image*.

In contemporary prose, in an effort to make his writing more plausible, to impress the reader with the effect of authenticity of the described events, the writer entrusts some fictitious character (who might also participate in the narrated events) with the task of story-telling. The writer himself thus hides behind the figure of the narrator, presents all the events of the story from the latter's viewpoint and only sporadically emerges in the narrative with his own considerations which may reinforce, or contradict those expressed by the narrator. This form of the author's speech is called **entrusted narrative**. The structure of the entrusted narrative is much more complicated than that of the author's narrative proper, because instead of one commanding, organizing image of the author, we have the hierarchy of the narrator's image seemingly arranging the pros and contras of the related problem and, looming above the narrator's image, there stands the image of the author, the true and actual creator of it all, responsible for all the views and evaluations of the text and serving the major and predominant force of textual cohesion and unity.

Entrusted narrative can be carried out in the *1st person singular*, when the narrator proceeds with his story openly and explicitly, from his own name, as, e.g., in 'The Catcher in the Rye' by J.D. Salinger, or 'The Great Gatsby' by Sc. Fitzgerald, or 'All the King's Men' by R.P. Warren. In the first book Holden Caulfield himself retells about the crisis in his own life which makes the focus of the novel. In the second book Nick Carraway tells about Jay Gatsby, whom he met only occasionally, so that to tell Gatsby's life-story he had to lean on the knowledge of other personages too. And in the third book Jack Burden renders the dramatic career of Willie Stark, himself being one of the closest associates of the man. In the first case the narration has fewer deviations from the main line, that in the other two in which the narrators have to supply the reader also with the information about themselves and their connection with the protagonist.

Entrusted narrative may be *anonymous*. The narrator does not openly claim responsibility for the views and evaluations but the manner of presentation, the angle of description very strongly suggest that the story is told not by the author himself but by some of his factotums, which we see, e.g. in the prose of Fl. O'Connor, C. Mc. Cullers, E. Hemingway, E. Caldwell.

The narrative, both the author's and the entrusted, is not the only type of narration observed in creative prose. A very important place here is occupied by **dialogue**, where personages express their minds in the form of uttered speech. In their exchange of remarks the participants of the dialogue, while discussing other people and their actions, expose themselves too. So dialogue is one of the most significant forms of the personage's self-characterization, which allows the author to seemingly eliminate himself from the process.

Another form, which obtained a position of utmost significance in contemporary prose, is **interior speech of the personage**, which allows the author (and the readers) to peep into the inner world of the character, to observe his ideas and views in the making. Interior speech is best known in the form of **interior monologue**, a rather lengthy piece of the text (half a page and over) dealing with one major topic of the character's thinking, offering causes for the past, present or future actions. **Short in-sets of interior speech** present immediate mental and emotional reactions of the personage to the remark or action of other characters.

The results of the work of our brain are not intended for communication and are, correspondingly, structured in their own unique way. The imaginative reflection of mental processes, presented in the form of interior speech, being a part of the text one of the major functions of which is communicative, necessarily undergoes some linguistic structuring to make it understandable for the readers. In extreme cases, though, this desire to be understood by others is overshadowed by the author's effort to portray the disjointed, purely associative manner of thinking, which makes interior speech almost or completely incomprehensible. These cases exercise the so-called **stream-of-consciousness technique** which is especially popular with representatives of modernism in contemporary literature.

So the personage's viewpoint can be realized in the uttered (dialogue) and inner (interior speech) forms. Both are introduced into the text by the *authors remarks* containing indication of the personage (his name or the name-substitute) and of the act of speaking (thinking) expressed by such verbs as «to say», «to think» and their numerous synonyms.

To separate and individualize the sphere of the personage, language means employed in the dialogue and interior speech differ from those used in the author's narrative and, in their unity and combination, they constitute the *personage's speech characteristic* which is indispensable in the creation of his image in the novel.

The last - the forth - type of narration observed in artistic prose is a peculiar blend of the viewpoints and language spheres of both the author and the character. It was first observed and analyzed almost a hundred years ago, with the term **represented (reported) speech** attached to it. Represented speech serves to show either the mental reproduction of a once uttered remark, or the character's thinking. The first case is known as **represented uttered speech**, the second one as **represented inner speech**. The latter is close to the personage's interior speech in essence, but differs from it in form: it is rendered in the third person singular and may have the author's qualitative words, i.e. it reflects the presence of the author's viewpoint alongside that of the character, while interior speech belongs to the personage completely, formally too, which is materialized through the first-person pronouns and the language idiosyncrasies of the character.

The four types of narration briefly described above are singled out on the basis of the viewpoint commanding the organization of each one. If it is semantics of the text that is taken as the foundation of the classification then we shall deal with the three narrative compositional forms traditionally analyzed in poetics and stylistics. They are: **narrative proper** where the unfolding of the plot is concentrated. This is the most dynamic compositional form of the text. Two other forms - **description** and **argumentation** - are static. The former supplies the details of the appearance of people and things 'populating' the book, of the place and time of action, the latter offers causes and effects of the personage's behaviour, his (or the author's) considerations about moral, ethical, ideological and other issues. It is rather seldom that any of these compositional forms is used in a 'pure', uninterrupted way. As a rule they intermingle even within the boundaries of a paragraph.

All the compositional forms can be found in each of the types of narration but with strongly varying frequencies.

All these forms of presentation, as a rule, interrelate in a literary text, with one or another of them standing out more prominent.

The arrangement and disposition of all the forms of the subject matter presentation make up the composition of the literary text.

Genre. The word "genre" which comes from French, where its primary meaning is "a kind", denotes in the theory of literature a historically formed type of literary work.

As with all other art categories it is the content that imposes upon the genre its peculiar limitations.

Who represents the aesthetic reality; what particular aspect of reality is represented; how is the time of represented events related to the time of speech — these and other factors are relevant to genre.

If it is outside events that are objectively narrated by an author, the genre is *epic* with narrative prose as its main variety.

If the author speaks about an aspect of reality reflected in his own inner world, if his emotions and meditations are represented without a clearly delimited thematic or temporal setting, the genre is *lyric* with lyric poetry as its main variety.

If it is present day conflicting events that are represented in the speech and actions of characters in their interrelation with each other, the genre is *dramatic*, with different types of plays as its main manifestations.

Another factor that delimits the genre of writing is the nature of the represented conflict (fatal for the main character, the hero, or, on the contrary, easily overcome by him) as well as the moral stand taken by the author and expressed in a peculiar emotive quality of writing (elevated, humorous, ironic, sarcastic). In accordance with this factor literary works are divided into *tragedy*, *comedy* and *drama*.

The volume of the represented subject matter is yet another factor which is relevant to genre. In narrative prose, for instance, the volume delimits such two main subdivisions within the genre as *novel* and *short story*. A short story is usually centered on one main character (protagonist), one conflict, one theme, while in a novel alongside the main theme there are several other, rival themes; several minor conflicts alongside the main conflict, rival characters alongside the main character.

An unalloyed manifestation of each of the above-mentioned factors makes what is known as "pure genre", the type of writing characteristic of ancient Greek and Roman literature as well as that of the Renaissance and Classicism periods. Shakespeare's great tragedies, for instance, be it "Romeo and Juliet", "King Lear", "Hamlet", "Julius Caesar" or "Macbeth" represent each a fatal conflict for the main heroes. The action in each of these plays climbs to its culmination and ends in a catastrophe. The tone of writing is impassioned and elevated.

In modern literature (since the 18th century) mixed genres are prevalent. Thus, for instance, the elevated tragedy of Shakespearean days gave way to a mixture of tragedy, and comedy or, tragedy and drama, etc.

The genre of a literary work materializes in a set of formal features imposed upon by the content. These formal features are: composition, plot structure, imagery, speech representation, rhythm, etc. Each genre as an invariant is manifested in different variants. Due to this fact we can apply the term "short story", for instance, to literary works written in different epochs and varying greatly in their content representation. Short works of W. Irving, Sh. Anderson, G. Greene, W. Faulkner and others are all known as short stories. For the same reason the work of H. Fielding "Tom Jones, the Foundling", Th. Dreiser's "The Titan" and W. Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury" are known as novels.

Genre as any other art category is meaningful in two ways. First, because, as it has already been shown, it is delimited by the represented content, second, because, it itself carries a certain content. Take, for instance,

the genre of a contemporary social-psychological novel. As a rule, its involved composition, intricate plot-structure, varied forms of speech representation, etc. are imposed by the complexity of the described phenomenon — contemporary life; at the same time all these genre-features of the novel with their complex interplay suggest the complexity of the represented content: contemporary life.

It should be said in conclusion, that genre changes with the passage of time. A writer in representing his subject matter exercises all the potentialities of the respective genre. In doing this he adds new features to the genre he resorts to, thus bringing about gradual changes in the genre. This holds true to the activities of many outstanding writers. Classics of the 19th century such as A. Pushkin, L. Tolstoi, F. Dostoyevsky, A. Chekhov, contemporary American authors E. Hemingway, Sh. Anderson and others have brought many new features into the novel and short story genres.

Types of Short Stories

Short stories can be set anywhere and at any time; they can involve all kinds of characters, and can be about anything at all. There is no reason why we should classify all short stories into types. This would be extremely difficult to do, particularly with the best short stories, whose subtlety and thematic interest make them unique. However, particularly among more 'popular' short stories, whose aim is principally to entertain the reader rather than to raise interesting questions about life, we can distinguish various types:

<i>detective story</i>	<i>spy story</i>	<i>travelogue</i>	<i>fairy story</i>	<i>ghost story</i>
<i>adventure story</i>		<i>myth</i>	<i>story with social significance</i>	
<i>folk-tale</i>	<i>thriller</i>	<i>humorous story</i>		<i>science-fiction story</i>
<i>legend</i>	<i>crime story</i>	<i>romantic story</i>		<i>spine-chiller</i>
<i>anecdote</i>	<i>Western</i>	<i>horror story</i>	<i>whodunnit</i>	
<i>parable</i>	<i>tall story</i>	<i>love story</i>	<i>joke</i>	

Micro-components of Poetic Structure. Tropes and Figures of Speech

Words and word-groups that compose a literary text are drawn from no other source than that of the general language. But when words and word-groups of the general language occur in a literary text they are treated as elements of poetic speech, for in such a text they acquire a meaningfulness conditioned by the whole poetic content of the literary text.

Among word-sequences that constitute a literary text there occur, however, such, which seem to be specifically patterned — semantically, lexically, syntactically, phonetically. These are the so-called tropes and figures of speech. Their patterned nature makes them different from all other word-sequences of the literary text and more or less easily recognizable units of poetic speech.

Tropes and figures of speech have been worked out in philology and rhetoric since ancient times. In the times of classicism when writing was greatly ornamented it was often thought that style itself consisted in their use.

Nowadays, when writing (especially narrative prose) has become less decorative, the role of some of these typified patterns of expression has greatly diminished. Indeed, some of them have been almost completely abandoned or occur so rarely that the technical terms for them have been forgotten. But others remain essential elements of the literary text and their knowledge is indispensable for a more profound understanding of poetic content.

The principle manifested in tropes is that of analogy. Some similar feature in otherwise dissimilar things is discovered and the discovered similarity suggests an image of that which is described. Units of poetic speech that belong to tropes are: simile, metaphor, metonymy and metaphoric/metonymic epithet. The other collective term for them is imagery.

Figures of speech are: parallel constructions, framing, anaphora, epiphora, alliteration, antithesis, aposiopesis and others. The organizing axes in these are recurrence, analogy/contrast, incomplete representation.

In a literary text units of poetic speech rarely represent a pure case of one or the other of the above mentioned groups, the bulk are of a mixed type. It may be due to this fact that the terms "imagery (tropes)" and "figures of speech" are sometimes indiscriminately used by scholars of style.

Style

The original meaning of the word "style" was a writing implement, a pointed object of bone or metal for inscribing wax. But already in Classical Latin the word acquired a terminological meaning. It came to denote one's way of expressing oneself. Later, in French, the word acquired an evaluative tint, it came to denote a good way of expressing oneself. 'Style' also denoted the expressive means used in poetry and prose, specifically tropes and figures of speech, expressive means used by an author in his literary works. All these remain to be a field of philological study.

With the development of the theory of language, on the one hand, and the theory of literature, on the other, the meaning of "style" came to be modified as style in language and style in literature.

Style in language is understood to be the whole corpus of expressive means of the language. This view was first proclaimed by Ch. Bally in his "Stylistique Française" (1909) to be later developed in numerous works on style, among them those of V.V. Vinogradov, R.A. Budagov and others.

In Achmanova's dictionary of linguistic terms "style" is defined as a subsystem (within the language system) with its own vocabulary, phraseology and syntax. It differs from other subsystems primarily by expressive properties of its elements and by the fact that it is connected with a certain sphere of functioning (everyday life, science, business, literature, etc.). The branch of linguistics that makes a study of expressive properties of linguistic units as well as the spheres of their usage is called *linguo-stylistics*.

Style in imaginative literature. Complexity of the phenomenon of Imaginative Literature and of Literary Work, for that matter, breeds, among other things, a variety of approaches to their style.

In contemporary studies of style several trends stand out prominent. Most elaborated among them is the so called linguistic trend. Style of a literary work, it claims, manifests itself verbally. Consequently, style can be appreciated as a result of an analysis of verbal sequences constituting a literary text.

The theoretical point of departure in such studies of style is the concept of the norm.

Stylistic norm is understood to be that which characterizes most if not all texts of different types. It is a statistical means. The other terms for stylistic norm are "zerostylistic reference", "stylistic neutrality". Those who proceed from such a concept of the norm regard style as an individual deviation from the norm, a choice (K. Vossler, L. Spitzer, C. Brooks, R. P. Warren). The choice of an element out of a number of others provided by the language for the expression of a given sense is understood to be a stylistic choice. E.g. I trust you; I have trust in you; I have confidence in you; etc.

A writer's style, in terms of this conception, is his individual and creative utilization (choice) of the resources of the language; the limitations upon the choice are superimposed by the writer's period, his genre and his purpose.

Viewed by the reader, the style of a literary work is that whole of the content and its linguistic expression that manifests itself in a certain effect.

A number of feasible methods have been worked out in recent years on the basis of a linguistic approach to style.

The methods rest, for the most part, upon contemporary linguistic theories such as the speaker—hearer linguistics, the semantic field theory, quantitative linguistics and others. These linguistic theories bring system into the field of research where formerly wholly impressionistic studies were prevalent.

Intensive work in the study of style is being done by the Leningrad philologists (Arnold, Diakonova, Silman and others). Of special interest in

the present case is the method worked out by I.V. Arnold and her followers. It is based upon the assumption that:

1) A literary text is a complete and undivided structure of interdependent elements: all elements of the text are equally conducive to the understanding of the whole.

2) Meanings most essential for the understanding of the whole content recur in the text and make up its thematic basis. These meanings may be expressed by recurrent words, by recurrent semes (different sound complexes with similar meaning components) and by recurrent themes. Meaningfulness of the recurrent element is generally signalled by coupling, i.e. by the occurrence of similar elements in similar positions with the resulting interconnection of all elements of the text.

3) Rare words and rare (semi-marked) word-groups of a grief ago type usually signal the text's most significant meanings.

While reading the text one, line by line, observes the recurrent words and the meanings they convey, as well as recurrent meanings contained in different lexical units.

The recurrent lexical units give the reader an idea of the work's theme, while rare words and word-groups as well as recurrent semes within specific syntactic and phonemic structures reveal the whole content.

The method has been found especially useful in the analysis of those works of poetry whose content is complicated and involved.

There are other approaches. Those that proceed from the fact that literature is primarily one of the arts (with all the differences that there are between them) may be tentatively defined as an aesthetic trend. Basic assumption in such a trend is that a literary work though expressed in words, does not exhaust itself in linear word sequences. It involves both linear (verbal) and non-linear (supraverbal) components, such as composition, genre, image and the like. The style of a literary work is considered to be a unique whole of all the linear and supralinear components. The difficulty of the style analysis arises from the fact that linear and supralinear components are not coincident with each other.

(From: *Sosnovskaya V.B. Analytical Reading. M.: Higher School. 1974. P. 34-74; Kukharensko V.A. A Book of Practice in Stylistics. M.: Higher School. 1986. P. 100-103. Modern Short Stories. Prentice Hall International. 1992*)

Points for Discussion

- 1 The system of images in a work of imaginative literature.
- 2 The theme and the idea of a literary work.
- 3 The plot structure and its main components. Types of short stories according to the plot structure.

- 4 Literary time vs. historical time. Simultaneous, retrospective, prospective narrative.
- 5 Types of narration observed in creative prose.
 - a) the author's narrative / entrusted narrative (1st person narration, 3rd person narration, anonymous narrative);
 - b) the character's speech (uttered speech, interior speech);
 - c) mixed types (indirect speech, uttered represented speech, inner represented speech).
- 6 Narrative compositional forms in a literary text.
 - a) narrative proper;
 - b) description;
 - c) argumentation.

Assignments

- 1 Formulate the theme and the poetic idea:
 - a) of the book chosen for your individual reading;
 - b) of the story «I Knock at the Door» by Sean O'Casey. Identify rival themes if any.
- 2 Produce examples from English (American) imaginative literature illustrating open (closed) plot structure of the text. Which type of short story do you prefer: an action short story or a character short story? Account for your preferences.
- 3 Define the type of O'Casey's story from the point of view of its plot.
- 4 What types of narration and narrative compositional forms do you find in this story? What functions do they perform?
- 5 Explain the following notions:

flash-forward

narrative compositional form

short in-sets of interior speech

defeated expectancy

flash-back

entrusted narrative

graphon

stream of consciousness

Further Reading

- 1 Гальперин И.Р. Текст как объект лингвистического исследования. М.: Наука, 1981.
- 2 Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. М.: Просвещение, 1988. С. 3-14, 68-189.
- 3 Пелевина Н.Ф. Стилистический анализ художественного текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1980. С. 83-184.

Part II

Sample Texts for Linguo-Stylistic Analysis

«Reading a good story or essay is one of the most enjoyable - and therefore one of the best - roads for the explorer of a foreign language and of strange social and cultural climates»

(T.U. Sachs 'Now Read On')

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR

(by Sean O'Casey)

- 1 The story *I knock at the door* is from *Autobiographies* by Sean O'Casey (See **Biographical Notes**). It is the last chapter of the first volume which, too, has the title of *I knock at the door*. Read the story trying to get the general idea of it.

Johnny's mother was very concerned about his education. So was Archie in a hazy and bullying kind of way; and so was Ella, who was nursing her first baby and whose husband was soon to bid good-bye to the army forever. Ella's education of her own husband was a failure, as Johnny said grumblingly, and now she wanted to fix her teeth in him. Many and mighty were the colloquies that went on between her and her mother about poor Johnny's ignorance of all things.

One day Ella came, bringing a bundle of clothes for her mother to wash; when the washing was over, they sat down to a cup of tea and a crumpet, to start the talk all over again.

"I know he can't be let go on as he's goin'," said Mrs. Casside, "or, when he's a man, he won't even know the number on his own hall-door. He must be taught something, even though he can't go to school. The last thing throublin' your poor father's mind, before he died, was that Johnny was bound to grow up a dunce."

Ella supped her tea, and thought for a moment.

"I can't help thinking that he should have been kept to school, in spite of his eyes," she said. "Oh, I know the doctors said he mustn't," she went on swiftly, to forestall her mother who was opening her mouth to speak; "but

the doctors haven't to rear him. A common labourer is all he'll be able to be when the time comes for him to take his place in life."

Your own husband won't be much more, thought her mother; but she held her tongue.

"A common labourer," went on Ella, "if he's sthrong enough even for that. It was a sad mistake not to have let him go to the Blue-coat School, afther all the trouble the rector and Mr. Purefoy took to get him admitted."

Her mother's mouth hardened.

"That's all over an' done with," she said. "As long as I live, the boy'll never set foot in an institution."

"He'd be well fed an' clad, anyway," retorted Ella.

"They're a lot, but they're not everything. The boy hasn't much here, but he has a home."

There had been a great how-do-you-do about this Blue-coat School for Johnny. Ella and Archie had fed him with the grandeur of the boys' lovely blue uniform, with its deep collar and cuffs of chrome yellow, long trousers, glengarry cap, blucher boots that were fastened with buckle and strap, and, lastly, a natty cane to be carried under the arm. The brothers in the army had written home to say the idea was a grand one; and Johnny, himself, had pressed his mother to agree. But his mother had stood out against them all; and every time Johnny pleaded all the good things about the school, she put him off with, "You're far betther off as you are here."

"They'd teach him his religion," went on Ella.

"They'd hammer it into him, Ella. Every turn he'd take would be chronicled; and if one wasn't done as they had planned, the boy'd be broken into their way of doin' it; an' Johnny's my boy, an' not theirs. If they're anxious to feed him, let them feed him here; if they're anxious to clothe him, let them clothe him here. I'm not goin' to have the life in him cowed out of him, as long as I can prevent it. There's no use of harpin' on the Blue-coat School, for me mind's made up — the boy won't go into it."

"I'm arguin' only for the boy's own good," said Ella righteously.

"Everyone's advisin' me about the boy, says he's arguin' only for the boy's own good."

"You've only to look at him," said Ella, "to see what's happening — he has hardly any forehead at all."

"I'm doin' all I can about that, an' it's certainly a little betther than it was," said the mother. "Three times a day I brush it off his forehead as hard as I can for more'n quarter of an hour; an' the hair growin' close to his eyes is bound to wear away in time. An', after brushin' it at night, I put a tight bandage to keep a pull up on the hair while he's asleep. Even if his eyes prevent him from learnin' much, aself, I'll not let him go through life with a low forehead. I'd like to do something for his teeth, but they'll have to take their chance."

Ella went over to rummage among the books left behind as unsalable out of her father's fine store. She brought back a Superseded Spelling-book, by Sullivan, who held that by learning affixes and suffixes, Latin and Greek roots, you could net words in hundreds, as against the old method of fishing, one word up at a time; a Reading Lesson Book; a Primer of Grammar; and simple Lessons in Geography.

"Here," she said, "is all he'll need for the present. Make him learn the parts I've marked in each book, an', if he learns a like lot every day for a year, he'll know a little at the end of it."

Johnny was brought in from the street, and told what he had to do.

"I'm not goin' to do it," he said viciously; "I won't do it. I'm good enough as I am."

"Very well," said his mother firmly, "at the end of the week, no penny for your Boys of London and New York. Remember, no lessons, no penny for your paper."

Johnny was beaten. He'd as lief lose his life as lose the stories of Old King Brady, the Wonder Detective, Red Eagle, the Friend of the Palefaces, or From Bootblack to Broker, the story of business life in New York, all of which his mother helped him to read when he brought the paper home.

After Ella had read the big words for him, he put on his cap, and sauntered gloomily off to where there wag a strip of waste ground near the railway, covered with coarse grass, dandelions, daisies, dead nettles, plantains, rag-worts, and odd scarlet pimpernel, and patches of scarlet poppies. Choosing a fair spot of grass, bordered with poppies and daisies, he sat down, opened his books, watched, for a moment, bees busy in a clump of clover; and then began his studies.

Grammar, he tried to read, is the art of speaking, reading and writing the English language correctly. It is divided into four parts, namely, Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody. Orthography deals with the art of spelling; Etymology with the origin and derivation of words; Syntax with the proper construction of sentences; and Prosody with the laws and rules of poethry.

'Curse o'God on it!" he muttered, "isn't it terrible!"

He opened the Reading Book, and found that Ella had marked the first few verses of *The Brook*, by Tennyson.

"Who the hell's Tennyson? " he asked himself, as he slowly recited:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

"Coot an' hern," he murmured; "I wondher what they are? Must be some kinda birds, ma says; but what kinda birds?" He knew well the kinda birds sparrows were; not worth a tuppenny damn, for even Jesus said that two of them were sold in Jerusalem for a farthing; indeed, you wouldn't get even that for a dozen of them in Dublin. He had seen a redpoll, a green linnet, a thrush, a blackbird, and a goldfinch, all in cages; they were all the birds he had seen so far; but he had never even heard of a coot or a hern. But this kinda mopin'll never get on with the work; and he started to recite again:

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Only one more verse," murmured Johnny, "only one more river to cross."

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

Sharps an' threbles — what did they mean? He knew that to be sharp meant to have an edge on anything that would cut, if you weren't careful; but what had sharp to do with the running water of a brook? And what was a threble? He sighed. 'The useless and puzzlin' things they made him learn. He knew what the sea was, because he had seen it at Sandymount. And a river, too, for one flowed through the city. What was the use of askin' him to learn what things were when he knew what they were already? But what about their own river, the Liffey? Where did it make its start? No one could tell him. His mother didn't know; Ella didn't know; Archie didn't know. Somewhere or another, was all they could say. Didn't he know that himself! An' they're cross with you over something you don't know, an' just as cross when you ask them something they don't know themselves. Take the Tolka. That was called a river, yet it was only the size of a brook, for he had paddled in it, and had filled a jar with minnows out of it. Yet it was the river Tolka. Puzzle, puzzle, puzzle. Of course he remembered the time it flooded the rotting little white-washed cottages on its bank, and swept away swift the statue of the Blessed Virgin standing in the muddy space beside the river.

The statue had floated back again against the flow, like bread cast upon the waters, returning after many days, and stayed floating beside the houses, till it was taken up, cleaned, painted blue and white, and put back on its pedestal again. Yes, when it was in flood, the Tolka was a river; but every other time, it was only a brook.

A slender shadow fell across the poppies and the daisies. Johnny looked up, and saw Jennie Citheroe standing beside him. Each eyed the other for a few moments, shyly, in silence.

"Just comin' from school?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "just back from school. What are you doin' with the school books?"

"Just havin' a little look at them."

She made a place beside the poppies, passed a hand along her skirt to tuck it in, sat down beside him, and fingered the books.

"Oh, I'm in the fifth standard, now," she said, "and I passed out of these years ago. I'm learnin' Euclid an' everything."

Johnny gathered the books up and stuffed them into his pocket.

"Y' know the river Liffey?" he asked.

"Course I do."

"Well, where does it start from?"

"How where does it start from?" she asked vaguely.

"Where does it begin; where can you find it a thrickle before it swells into a river?"

"It's not mentioned in any of my books," said Jennie, "so it mustn't much matter. D'ye know yourself?"

"Course I do."

"Where does it start, then?"

"Ah," said Johnny mockingly, "let the great scholar go an' find out."

Jennie picked a daisy, and began to pluck the petals off, one by one, murmuring, "this year, next year, sometime, never; this year, next year, sometime, never; this year —" and she let the last petal fall on the grass.

"This year, what?" he asked.

"I'm goin' to be married," she said roguishly.

"Who'r you goin' to marry?"

"Ah," she said, mockingly, "let the great scholar go an' guess."

He caught her by the shoulders, and pulled her back towards him.

"Tell me who'r you goin' to marry, or I'll hold you like this forever."

"You couldn't hold me a second longer, if I thried to break away," she said defiantly.

He pulled her back till her brown curls were pressed against his chest, and her deep brown eyes were looking up into his.

"You just thry to get away," he mocked.

She moved, but put no big effort into it, and then lay quiet, looking up into his face, smiling. Suddenly he bent down and kissed her twice hard on

the mouth. Then he shoved her away in sudden shame, his face flushing. He jumped up and made off through the poppies and dead nettles, frightened at what he had done.

"I'll tell me mother," she cried out after him.

"Tell her, then," he said defiantly, looking back at her, still sitting among the poppies, with a white butterfly fluttering near her. "I don't care whether you do or no."

Girls tell their mothers everything, he thought, resentfully, as he walked away. Why did she let him kiss her, anyway? She could easily have broken away, if she wanted. She was more to blame, really, than I was. Oh, let her tell, if she likes.

He took the Reading Lesson-book out of his pocket, opened it, and recited:

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Well, he'd learned poetry and had kissed a girl. If he hadn' gone to school, he'd met the scholars; if he hadn' gone into the house, he had knocked at the door.

* * *

- 2 What do you know about the genre of autobiography? It is widely held that an autobiography presents a kind of document, a record of social, educational and religious conditions that have passed away. It may also be a study of the development of one's attitudes and moral views during the progress of infancy and adolescence. In what way does the given text differ from 'classical' autobiographies? Re-read the story looking up any words you want to know the meaning of in a dictionary.
- 3 Discuss the surface layer of the story. What type of plot structure does it have? Which components of the plot reveal the main theme of the story? Can you specify any by-themes?
- 4 What technique does the author choose to represent the subject matter (first person, third person, entrusted, anonymous narrative)? How are the author-narrator-character relationships organized within the story? Why do you think a specific angle of perception is chosen?
- 5 What types of narration and narrative compositional forms is the story built upon? What is their function in shaping the characters' images? Analyze the vocabulary of the story with regard to its stylistic reference. Which connota-

tive effects do colloquialisms and literary-bookish words acquire in the text? Point out the cases of direct and indirect speech characterization specifying their function.

- 6 How is the interdependence of the verbal and supravocal layers realized in the text? Which principles of poetic structure cohesion help the author achieve the unity of content and form? State the functions of these principles in relation to the character's images and the author's message.
- 7 Make a character sketch of Johnny. Which episodes of the text pertain to the description of the boy's appearance and inner world? Pay attention to the description of the scenery and the role it plays in conveying the emotional atmosphere of the story. Why does the author introduce the poem by Tennyson into the narration? What feelings and ideas does the poem evoke in the boy? Give the analysis of his inner represented speech. Enumerate the elements of phonetic, morphological, lexical and syntactic levels which are being foregrounded by the author while portraying Johnny.
- 8 Give a detailed characterization of Ella and Johnny's mother. In what way do their views concerning Johnny's education reflect their attitude to the boy? How are these personages depicted by means of the dialogue? Speak on the function of dialect idiosyncrasies found in the text. What other expressive means and stylistic devices does the author employ?
- 9 How would you characterize Jennie Cltheroe? What details of her action and speech help the reader draw the visual portrait of the girl? Analyze the dialogue between Johnny and Jenny. Pick out emotionally coloured words that build up the climax of the story. What other expressive means and stylistic devices are used to impart the atmosphere of this episode?
- 10 Analyze the denouement and state the function of the last paragraph in disclosing the main idea of the text. How is it connected with the title of the chapter and of the volume?
- 11 How would you describe the author's manner of narration? What specific features of his style give the chapter the tone of an impassioned and realistic writing, of a subtle and delicate revelation?

TRIBUTE

(by Alfred Coppard)

- 1 A. Coppard's *Tribute* represents a special literary form - the pamphlet. Never going deep into the subject a pamphlet offers witty, sharp, and often satirical comments, criticizing shortcomings of the political and social system. A pamphlet may touch upon topics connected with morals and ethics, with religious, philosophical and educational issues. While reading *Tribute* jot down several points which as you think might be the target of the author's criticism.

Two honest young men lived in Braddle, worked together at the spinning mills at Braddle, and courted the same girl in the town of Braddle, a girl named Patience who was poor and pretty. One of them, Nathan Regent, who wore cloth uppers to his best boots, was steady, silent, and dignified, but Tony Vassal the other, was such a happy-go-lucky fellow that he soon carried the good will of Patience in his heart, in his handsome face, in his pocket at the end of his nickel watch chain, or wherever the sign of requited love is carried by the happy lover. The virtue of steadiness, you see, can be measured only by the years, and thus Tony had put such a hurry into the tender bosom of Patience; silence may very well be golden, but it is a currency not easy to negotiate in the kingdom of courtship; dignity is so much less than simple faith that it is unable to move even one mountain, it charms the hearts only of bank managers and bishops.

So Patience married Tony Vassal and Nathan turned his attention to other things, among them to a girl who had a neat little fortune — and Nathan married that.

Braddle is a large gaunt hill covered with dull little houses, and it has flowing from its side a stream which feeds a gigantic and beneficent mill.' Without that mill — as everybody in Braddle knew, for it was there that everybody in Braddle worked — the heart of Braddle would cease to beat. Tony went on working at the mill. So did Nathan in a way, but he had a cute ambitious wife, and what with her money and influence he was soon made a manager of one of the departments. Tony went on working at the mill. In a few more years Nathan's steadiness so increased his opportunities that he became joint manager of the whole works. Then his colleague died; he was appointed sole manager, and his wealth became so great that eventually Nathan and Nathan's wife bought the entire concern. Tony went on working, the mill. He now had two sons and a daughter, Nancy, as well as his wife Patience, so that even his possessions may be said to have increased although his position was no different from what it had been for twenty years.

The Regents, now living just outside Braddle, had one child, a daughter named Olive, of the same age as Nancy. She was very beautiful and had

been educated at a school to which she rode on a bicycle until she was eighteen.

About that time, you must know, the country embarked upon a disastrous campaign, a war so calamitous that every sacrifice was demanded of Braddle. The Braddle mills were worn from their very bearings by their colossal efforts, increasing by day or by night, to provide what were called the sinews of war. Almost everybody in Braddle grew white and thin and sullen with the strain of constant labour. Not quite everybody, for the Regents received such a vast increase of wealth that their eyes sparkled; they scarcely knew what to do with it; their faces were neither white nor sullen.

"In times like these," declared Nathan's wife, "we must help our country still more, still more we must help; let us lend our money to the country."

"Yes," said Nathan.

So they lent their money to their country. The country paid them tribute, and therefore, as the Regents' wealth continued to flow in, they helped their country more and more; they even lent the tribute back to the country and received yet more tribute for that.

"In times like these," said the country, "we must have more men, more men we must have." And so Nathan went and sat upon a Tribunal; for, as everybody in Braddle knew, if the mills of Braddle ceased to grind, the heart of Braddle would cease to beat.

"What can we do to help our country?" asked Tony Vassall of his master, "we have no money to lend."

"No?" was the reply. "But you can give your strong son Dan."

Tony gave his son Dan to the country.

"Good-bye, dear son," said his father, and his brother and his sister Nancy said "Good-bye." His mother kissed him.

Dan was killed in battle; his sister Nancy took his place at the mill.

In a little while the neighbours said to Tony Vassall: "What a fine strong son is your young Albert Edward!"

And Tony gave his son Albert Edward to the country.

"Good-bye, dear son," said his father; his sister kissed him, his mother wept on his breast.

Albert Edward was killed in battle; his mother took his place at the mill.

But the war did not cease; though friend and foe alike were almost drowned in blood it seemed as powerful as eternity, and in time Tony Vassall too went to battle and was killed. The country gave Patience a widow's pension, as well as a touching inducement to marry again; she died of grief. Many people died in those days, it was not strange at all. Nathan and his wife got so rich that after the war they died of over-eating, and their daughter Olive came into a vast fortune and a Trustee.

The Trustee went on lending the Braddle money to the country, the country went on sending large sums of interest to Olive (which was the coun-

try's tribute to her because of her parents' unforgettably, and indeed unforgettable, kindness), while Braddle went on with its work of enabling the country to do this. For when the war came to an end the country told Braddle that those who had not given their lives must now turn to and really work, work harder than before the war, much, much harder, or the tribute could not be paid and the heart of Braddle would therefore cease to beat. Braddle folk saw that this was true, only too true, and they did as they were told.

The Vassall girl, Nancy, married a man who had done deeds of valour in the war. He was a mill hand like her father, and they had two sons, Daniel and Albert Edward. Olive married a grand man, though it was true he was not very grand to look at. He had a small sharp nose, but that did not matter very much because when you looked at him in profile his bouncing red cheeks quite hid the small sharp nose, as completely as two hills hide a little barn in a valley. Olive lived in a grand mansion with numerous servants who helped her to rear a little family of one, a girl named Mercy, who also had a small sharp nose and round red cheeks.

Every year after the survivors' return from the war Olive gave a supper to her workpeople and their families, hundreds of them; for six hours there would be feasting and toys, music and dancing. Every year Olive would make a little speech to them all reminding them all of their duty to Braddle and Braddle's duty to the country, although, indeed, she did not remind them of the country's tribute to Olive. That was perhaps a theme unfitting to touch upon, it would have been boastful and quite unbecoming.

"These are grave times for our country," Olive would declare, year after year; "her responsibilities are enormous, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel."

Every year one of the workmen would make a little speech in reply, thanking Olive for enabling the heart of Braddle to continue its beats, calling down the spiritual blessings of heaven and the golden blessings of the world upon Olive's golden head. One year the honour of replying fell to the husband of Nancy, and he was more than usually eloquent for on that very day their two sons had commenced to doff bobbins at the mill. No one applauded louder than Nancy's little Dan or Nancy's Albert Edward, unless, it was Nancy herself. Olive was always much moved on these occasions. She felt that she did not really know these people, that she would never know them; she wanted to go on seeing them, being with them, and living with rapture in their workaday world. But she did not do this.

"How beautiful it all is!" she would sigh to her daughter, Mercy, who accompanied her. "I am so happy. All these dear people are being cared for by us, just simply us. God's scheme of creation — you see — the Almighty — we are his agents — we must always remember that. It goes on for years, years upon years it goes on. It will go on, of course, yes, for ever; the heart of Braddle will not cease to beat. The old ones die, the young grow old, the children mature and marry and keep the mill going. When I am dead..."

"Mamma, mamma!"

"O, yes, indeed, one day! Then you will have to look after all these things, Mercy, and you will talk to them — just like me. Yes, to own the mill is a grave and difficult thing, only those who own them know how grave and difficult; it calls forth all one's deepest and rarest qualities; but it is a divine position, a noble responsibility. And the people really love me — I think."

* * *

- 2 Analyze the plot structure and composition of the pamphlet. What forms of narration are prevalent? Point out details in the text proving that we deal with the entrusted narrative.
- 3 What specific features of subject matter arrangement make the writing close to the style of emotive prose, particularly to folk literature?
- 4 How is the time perspective organized in the pamphlet? Divide the narration into chronological periods. Comment on the grammatical tenses used in the text. Which parts of the narration are given in the present tense? What esthetic function does it perform?
- 5 Describe the hierarchy of images in the text. What is the leading poetic principle in of its organization?
- 6 Pick out words and phrases that characterize Nathan Regent and Tony Vassall in the period before the war. What principles of poetic structure cohesion underlie the description of the two men? What similarities and differences do you find between them? Name and speak on the effect of stylistic devices employed by the author.
- 7 What characteristics are given to
 - a) Patience and Nathan's wife;
 - b) Nancy and Olive?Dwell on the function of poetic details in the description of the two families.
- 8 Reproduce the description of Braddle. Write out from the text recurrent phrases connected with the mill. Who do you think the following and similar phrases might belong to *Without that mill...the heart of Braddle would cease to beat.*? What symbolic function does the word *mill* acquire in the text?
- 9 Pick out from the text emotionally coloured words and phrases pertaining to the image of war. Comment on the expressive means and stylistic devices found in the description of the Regents and the Vassalls during the war-period. Point out cases of the author's sarcasm.
- 10 Speak on the figurative meaning of the word *tribute* in the pamphlet. What is being implied in case of the country's *tribute* to the Regents, the Regents' *tribute* to the country, Braddle's *tribute* to the country, the country's *tribute*

to working people. Give synonymous expressions to the word *tribute* in each case.

- 11 How is the image of the country presented in the pamphlet? What is the country's attitude to those *who had done deeds of valour in the war*? What is the country's tribute to Olive?
- 12 Pick out stylistic devices contained in the characteristics of
 - a) Nancy's family
 - b) Olive's family.What effect is achieved through their use?
- 13 Analyse the final part of the text. Pay attention to foregrounding of certain words and phrases through their frequent repetition. Who do you think is the object of the author's sarcasm and satire? Reproduce sentences from the text to prove your point.
- 14 Speak on the function of Olive's words in disclosing the author's message *God's scheme of creation — you see — the Almighty — we are his agents — we must always remember that. It goes on for years, years upon years it goes on. It will go on, of course, yes, for ever; the heart of Braddle will not cease to beat. The old ones die, the young grow old, the children mature and marry and keep the mill going.* What connection does this idea have with the plot structure and compositional arrangement of the pamphlet?
- 15 Give your interpretation of the title.

A TEN-SHILLING NOTE IN FRONT OF THE CLASS

(by Charles P. Snow)

- 1 The extract which follows is taken from C.P. Snow's novel *Time of Hope*. The author's talent for sharp realistic interpretation is well reflected in portraying the world he knew: unpleasant, cruel, unfair. Read the extract for general comprehension.

[...] The incident of the subscription list took place in November, a couple of months after I first attended the school. Each boy in each form had been asked to make a donation to the school munitions fund. The headmaster had explained how, if we could only give sixpence, we should be doing our bit; all the money would go straight to buy shells for what the headmaster called 'the 1918 offensive — the next big push'.

I reported it all to my mother. I asked her what we could afford to give.

"We can't afford much really, dear," said my mother, looking upset, preoccupied, wounded. "We haven't got much to spare at the end of the week. I know that you've got to give something."

It added to her worries. As she had said before, she was not going 'to have me suffer by the side of the other boys'.

"How much do you think they'll give, Lewis?" she inquired. "I mean, the boys from nice homes."

I made some discreet investigations, and told her that most of my form would be giving half a crown or five shillings.

She pursed her lips.

"You needn't bother yourself, dear," she said. "I'm not going to have you feel out of it. We can do as well as other people."

She was not content with doing 'as well as other people'. Her imagination had been fired. She wanted me to give more than anyone in the form. She told herself that it would establish a position for me, it would give me a good start. She liked to feel that we could 'still show we were someone'. And she was patriotic and war-like, and had a strong sense of wartime duty; though most of all she wanted me to win favour and notice, she also got satisfaction from 'buying shells', from taking part in the war at second-hand.

She skimped my father's food and her own, particularly hers, for several weeks. After a day or two my father noticed, and mildly grumbled. He asked if the rations were reduced so low as this. No, said my mother, she was saving up for the subscription list at school.

"I hope you don't have many subscriptions," said my father to me. "Or I expect she'll starve me to death."

He clowning away, pretending that his trousers had inches to spare round his middle.

"Don't be such a donkey, Bertie," said my mother irritably.

She kept to her intention. They went without the small luxuries that she had managed to preserve, through war, through the slow grind of growing poverty — the glass of stout on Saturday night, the supper of fish and chips (fetched, for propriety's sake, by Aunt Milly's maid), the Jam at breakfast. On the morning when we had to deliver our subscriptions, my mother handed me a new ten-shilling note. I exclaimed with delight and pressed the crisp paper against the tablecloth. I had never had one in my possession before.

"Not many of them will do better than that," said mother contentedly. "Remember that before the war I should have given you a sovereign. I want you to show them that we've still got our heads above water."

Under the gaslight, in the early morning, the shadow of my cup was blue on the white cloth. I admired the ten-shilling note, I admired the blue shadows, I watched the shadows of my own hands. I was thanking my mother; I was flooded with happiness and triumph.

"I shall want to hear everything they say," said my mother. "They'll be a bit flabbergasted, won't they? They won't expect anyone to give what you're giving. Please to remember everything they say."

I was lit up with anticipation as the tramcar clanged and swayed into the town. Mist hung over the country ground, softened the red brick of the little houses by the jail; in the mist—not fog, but the clean autumnal mist—the red brick, though softened, seemed at moments to leap freshly on the eye. It was a morning nostalgic, tangy, and full of well-being.

In the playground, when we went out for the eleven-o'clock break, the sun was shining. Our subscriptions were to be collected immediately afterwards; as the bell jangled, my companions and I made our way chattering through the press of boys to the room where we spent most of our lessons.

Mr Peck came in. He taught us algebra and geometry; he was a man about fifty-five who had spent his whole life at the school; he was bald, fresh-skinned, small-featured, constantly smiling. He lived in the next suburb beyond ours, and occasionally he was sitting in the tramcar when I got on.

Some boy had written a facetious word on the blackboard.

Peck smiled deprecatingly, a little threateningly, and rubbed out the chalkmarks. He turned to us, still smiling.

"Well," he said, "the first item on the programme is to see how much this form is going to contribute to make the world safe for democracy." There was a titter; he had won his place long ago as a humorist.

"If any lad gives enough," he said, "I dare say we shall be prepared to let him off all penalties for the rest of the term. That is known as saving your bacon."

Another titter.

"Well," he went on, "I don't suppose for a moment that you want to turn what you are pleased to call your minds to the problems of elementary geometry. However, it is my unfortunate duty to make you do so without unnecessary delay. So we will dispose of this financial tribute as soon as we decently can. I will call out your names from the register. Each lad will stand up to answer his name, announce his widow's mite, and bring the cash up here for me to receive. Then the last on the list can add up the total and sign it, so as to certify that I haven't run away with the money."

Peck smiled more broadly, and we all grinned in return. He began to read out the names. The new boys were divided into forms by alphabetical order, and ours ran from A to H.

"Adnitt." "Two shillings, sir." The routine began, Adnitt walked to the front of the class and put his money on the desk. I was cherishing my note under the lid of the desk; my heart thudded with joyful excitement. "Aldwinckle." "Two and sixpence." "Brookman." "Nothing."

Brookman was a surly, untidy boy, who lived in the town's one genuine slum. Peck stared at him, still smiling. "You're not interested in our little efforts, my friend?" said Peck.

Brookman did not reply. Peck stared at him, began another question, then shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

"Buckley." "A shilling." "Cann." "Five shillings." The form cheerfully applauded. "Coe." "A shilling." "Cotery." "Three shillings and twopence." There was laughter; Jack Cotery was an original; one could trust him not to behave like anyone else. "Dawson." "Half a crown." There were several other D's, all giving between a shilling and three shillings. "Earnes." "Five shillings." Applause. My name came next. As soon as Peck called it out, I was on my feet. "Ten shillings, sir." I could not damp a little stress upon the ten. The class stamped their feet, as I went between the desks and laid the note among the coins in front of Peck.

I had just laid the note down, when Peck said:

"That's quite a lot of money, friend Eliot." I smiled at him, full of pleasure, utterly unguarded; but at his next remark the smile froze behind my lips and eyes.

"I wonder you can afford it," said Peck. "I wonder you don't feel obliged to put it by towards your father's debts." It was cruel, casual, and motiveless. It was a motiveless malice as terrifying for a child to know as his first knowledge of adult lust. It ravaged me with sickening shameful agony — and, more violently, I was shaken with anger, so that I was on the point of seizing the note and tearing it in pieces before his eyes.

"Let me give you a piece of advice, my friend," said Peck, complacently. "It will be to your own advantage in the long run. You're a bright lad, aren't you? I'm thinking of your future, you know. That's why I'm giving you a piece of advice. It isn't the showy things that are most difficult to do, Eliot. It's just plodding away and doing your duty and never getting thanked for it — that's the test for bright lads like you. You just bear my words in mind."

Somewhere in the back of consciousness I knew that the class had been joining in with sycophantic giggles. As I turned and met their eyes on my way back, they were a little quieter. But they giggled again when Peck said:

"Well, I shall soon have to follow my own advice and plod away and do my duty and never get thanked for it — by teaching a class of dolts some geometrical propositions they won't manage to get into their thick heads as long as they live. But I must finish the collection first. All contributions thankfully received. Fingleton." "Two shillings, sir." "Frere." "A shilling."

I watched and listened through a sheen of rage and misery.

At the end of the morning, Jack Cotery spoke to me in the playground. He was a lively, active boy, short but muscular, with the eyes of a comedian, large, humorous, and sad.

"Don't mind about Pecky," he said with good nature and a light heart.

"I don't mind a scrap."

"You were as white as a sheet. I thought you were going to howl."

I did not swear as some of the boys in the form habitually did; I had been too finically brought up. But at that moment all my pain, anger, and temper exploded in a screaming oath.

Jack Cotery was taken aback. "Keep your shirt on," he said.

On the way to the tram stop, where we travelled in different directions, he could not resist asking me: "Is your old man in debt, really?"

"In a way," I said, trying to shield the facts, not to tell an actual lie — wanting both to mystify and to hide my own misery.

"In a way. It's all very complicated, it's a matter of — petitions," I added, as impressively as I could, "It's been in the solicitor's hands."

"I'm glad mine's all right," said Jack Cotery, impressive in his turn. "Of course, I could have brought a lot more money this morning. My old man is making plenty, though he doesn't always let on. He'd have given me a pound if I'd asked him. But"—Jack Cotery whispered and his eyes glowed — "I'm keeping it in reserve for something else."

When I arrived home, my mother was waiting for me with an eager question.

"What did they think of your subscription, dear?"

"All right," I said.

"Did anyone give more than ten shillings?"

"No. Not in our form."

My mother drew herself up and nodded her head: "Was ours the highest?"

"Oh, yes."

"What was the next highest?"

"Five shillings," I said.

"Twice as much," said my mother, smiling and gratified. But she was perceptive; she had an inkling of something wrong.

"What did they say, though, dear?"

"They thanked me, of course."

"Who was the master who took it?" she asked.

"Mr. Peck."

"Was he pleased with you?"

"Of course he was," I said flatly.

"I want to hear everything he said," said my mother, half in vanity, half trying to reach my trouble.

"I can't now, Mother. I want to get back early. I'll tell you everything tonight."

"I don't think that's very grateful of you," said my mother. "Considering what I did to find you all that money. Don't you think I deserve to be told all about it now?"

"I'll tell you everything tonight."

"Please not to worry yourself if it's too much trouble," she said haughtily, feeling that I was denying her love.

"It's not too much trouble, Mother. I'll tell you tonight," I said, not knowing which way to turn.

I did not go straight home from school that evening. Instead, I walked by myself a long way round by the canal; the mist was rising, as fresh and clean as that morning's mist; but as it swirled round the bridges and warehouses and the trees by the waterside, it no longer exalted me. I was inventing a story, walking that long way home through the mist, which would content my mother. Of how Mr. Peck had said my contribution was an example to the form, of how he had told other masters, of how someone said that my parents were public-spirited. I composed suitable speeches. I had enough sense of reality to make them sound plausible, and to add one or two disparaging remarks from envious form-mates.

I duly repeated that fiction to my mother. Nothing could remove her disappointment. She had thought me inconsiderate and heartless, and now, if she believed at all, she felt puzzled, cast-off, and only a little flattered. I thought that I was romancing simply to save her from a bitter degradation. Yet I should have brought her more love if I had told her the truth. It would have been more loving to let her take an equal share in that day's suffering. That lie showed the flaw between us.

* * *

- 2 Who is the narrator of the episode? Does the time of narration coincide with the time of action? State whether the narration is simultaneous, retrospective, or prospective. Prove your point, the character of word-choice and syntax may be your guide.
- 3 Analyze the plot structure of the story defining its main components. Discuss the conflict presented in the extract in accordance with the following:
 - a) What had moved Lewis' mother to give her son a ten-shilling note to donate, the sum she could not very well afford? Pick out and use in your statement words and expressions that speak of her reaction to the news about the donation to be made.
 - b) What was the attitude of Lewis' classmates to the munitions fund subscription? Gather and reproduce the details that show this attitude.
 - c) What were Lewis' anticipations in regards to the donation he was about to make? Mark down and reproduce in your statement the various qualifying nouns and verbs that describe Lewis' anticipation.
 - d) Why did he take Mr. Peck's words "I wonder you can afford it. I wonder you don't feel obliged to put it by towards your father's debts" as "cruel, casual, and motiveless"?

- e) Why did Lewis compose a fictitious story to his mother about how his subscription was accepted?
- 4 Pick out and comment on the tropes used in the portrayal of Lewis' mother, Mr. Peck and Lewis. Find adjectives to characterize each of them. What are the personages' speech characteristics?
 - 5 Make a list of the words found in the extract which denote: 1) social position; 2) satisfaction; 3) anger; 4) frustration. Comment on the number, stylistic and emotive qualities of the words within each of the groups. Indicate synonymous pairs and triplets. Which principle of poetic structure cohesion constitutes the organizing axis of the narration?
 - 6 Speak on the emotional atmosphere of the extract. What role does the description of nature play in conveying additional esthetic effect? Pick out epithets, metaphors and similes found in the extract and comment on their connotative functions.
 - 7 Analyze the climax of the text. Observe the cases of gradation, parallelism and detached constructions. What words and phrases recur in the text? What meaning do they convey?
 - 8 Dwell on the implication contained in the sentence "That lie showed the flaw between us". What do you think is the underlying thought of the extract?
 - 9 Share your impressions of the episode with your groupmates. What important themes does the extract embrace?

CAT IN THE RAIN

(by Ernest Hemingway)

- 1 The story is a short psychological study reflecting Hemingway's approach to life in general. Most critics agree that Hemingway's talent lies, first and foremost in his deep psychological insight into human nature. Though the author depicts physical activity and the outdoor world, for him the real battle ground is inward. As you read the story, try to catch the subtle interplay of the surface and the implied layer within the text.

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and the war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the gardens and the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the

rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain and slipped back down the beach to come up and break again in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the cafe a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on.

"I'm going down and get that kitty," the American wife said.

"I'll do it," her husband offered from the bed.

"No, I'll get it. The poor kitty out trying to keep dry under a table."

The husband went on reading, lying propped up with the two pillows at the foot of the bed.

"Don't get wet," he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall.

"Il piove," the wife said. She liked the hotel-keeper.

"Si, si, Signora, brutto tempo. It's very bad weather."

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the deadly serious way he received any complaints. She liked his dignity. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the cafe. The cat would be around to the right. Perhaps she could go along under the eaves. As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room.

"You must not get wet," she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

"Ha perduto qualche cosa, Signora?"

"There was a cat," said the American girl.

"A cat?"

"Si, il gatto."

"A cat?" the maid laughed. "A cat in the rain?"

"Yes," she said, "under the table." Then, "Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty."

When she talked English the maid's face tightened.

"Come, Signora," she said. "We must get back inside. You will be wet."

"I suppose so," said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs. She opened the door of the room. George was on the bed, reading.

"Did you get the cat?" he asked, putting the book down.

"It was gone."

"Wonder where it went to," he said, resting his eyes from reading.

She sat down on the bed.

"I wanted it so much," she said. "I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain."

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?" she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

"I like it the way it is."

"I get so tired of it," she said. "I get so tired of looking like a boy."

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

"You look pretty darn nice," he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

"I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel," she said. "I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her."

"Yeah?" George said from the bed.

"And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes."

"Oh, shut up and get something to read," George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

"Anyway, I want a cat," she said, "I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can't have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat."

George was not listening. He was reading his book.

His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

"Avanti," George said. He looked up from his book. In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoiseshell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

"Excuse me," she said, "the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora."

* * *

- 2 Comment on the following assertions of Hemingway's: 'Prose is architecture not interior decoration.'; 'The symbol should partake of reality.'
- 3 Do you agree that in the works of Hemingway it is the implication that counts, the 'submerged part of the iceberg', the unspoken reference due to which a briefly sketched natural description is charged with mood and emotional atmosphere? In this connection, try to formulate the theme and the idea of the story under discussion.
- 4 What is the role of the plot structure in creating the effect of implication? What type of short story does *Cat in the Rain* belong to?
- 5 Is the text homogeneous as regards compositional arrangement of the events in it? What types of narration and narrative compositional forms does the author employ to give the reader an insight into his characters?
- 6 Comment on the introductory paragraph of the story. Note the masterful use of 'relevant detail' as essential detail that suggests the whole. Pick out stylistic devices belonging to the phonetic, lexical and syntactic levels which contribute to the atmosphere of the passage. What principles of poetic structure cohesion dominate the description?
- 7 Speak on the characters of the American girl and her husband and the expressive means and stylistic devices used by the author to show their attitude to each other. What is the connotative function of seemingly plain unpretentious dialogues? Comment on the linguistic nature of the author's remarks accompanying the speech of the characters. Which verbs of communication prevail in the story?
- 8 Hemingway describes the characters' reaction and emotions by presenting simple external actions. Some linguists call this specific stylistic device *metonymical description* which is realized only in the macrocontext. The stylistic device of metonymical description makes the reader supply what is missing and creates the effect of implication. This is one of the ways in which Hemingway employs his 'iceberg principle': 'I leave out what I know but knowledge is what makes the underwater part of the iceberg,' writes Hemingway. Observe the cases of metonymical description in the story.

- 9 What is the role of the hotel owner in the story? How does the author characterize him? Note the attitude of the American girl to the hotel owner and speak on the connotative function of the word *small* in the macrocontext of the story *The padrone made her feel very small ...*.
- 10 State what expressive means are used in the dialogue between the American girl and the maid and speak on the effect achieved by them. What is the function of barbarisms in the text? How would you characterize the vocabulary of the story in general?
- 11 Pick out recurrent words and phrases and dwell on the effect of implication achieved through their frequent use. What is the symbolic meaning of the words 'silver', 'candles', 'cat', 'rain'.
- 12 Interpret the title of the story. How is it connected with the main idea of the text? Discuss Hemingway's reply to the critics who found his stories symbolic: 'I tried to make a real old man, a real boy, a real sea, a real fish and real sharks, but if I made them good and true enough they would mean many things.' Express your own opinion on the subject.

Part III

Supplementary Reading

EVELINE

(by James Joyce)

SHE SAT AT the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it—not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field—the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep nix and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

"He is in Melbourne now."

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up

by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

"Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?"

"Look lively. Miss Hill, please."

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married—she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages—seven shillings—and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work—a hard life—but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see *The Bohemian Girl* and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like

him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

"I know these sailor chaps," he said.

One day he had quarrelled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

"Damned Italians! coming over here!"

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being—that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

'Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!'

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, to-morrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:

"Come!"

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

"Come!"

No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish!

"Eveline! Evvy!"

He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

THE AWFUL FATE OF MELPOMENUS JONES

(by *Stephen Leacock*)

Some people — not you nor I, because we are so awfully self-possessed - but some people, find great difficulty in saying good-bye when making a call or spending the evening. As the moment draws near when the visitor feels that he is fairly entitled to go away he rises and says suddenly, 'Well, I think I . . .' Then the people say, 'Oh, must you go now? Surely it's early yet!' and a pitiful struggle follows.

I think the saddest case of this kind of thing that I ever knew was that of my poor friend Melpomenus Jones, a clergyman - such a dear young man and only twenty-three! He simply couldn't get away from people. He was too modest to tell a lie, and too religious to wish to appear rude. Now it happened that he went to call on some friends of his on the very first afternoon of his summer vacation. The next six weeks were entirely his own — abso-

lutely nothing to do. He chattered a while, drank two cups of tea, then prepared himself for the effort and said suddenly:

'Well, I think I ...'

But the lady of the house said, 'Oh, no! Mr Jones, can't you really stay a little longer?'

Jones was always truthful. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'of course, I — er—can stay.'

'Then please don't go.'

He stayed. He drank eleven cups of tea. Night was falling.

He rose again.

'Well now,' he said shyly, 'I think I really...'

'You must go?' said the lady politely. 'I thought perhaps you could have stayed to dinner...'

'Oh well, so I could, you know,' Jones said, 'if...'

'Then please stay, I'm sure my husband will be delighted.'

'All right,' he said feebly, 'I'll stay,' and he sank back into his chair, just full of tea and miserable.

Papa came home. They had dinner. All through the meal Jones sat planning to leave at eight-thirty. All the family wondered whether Mr Jones was stupid and ill-tempered, or only stupid.

After dinner mama tried to 'draw him out', and showed him photographs. She showed him all the family museum, several hundreds of them - photos of papa's uncle and his wife, and mama's brother and his little boy, an awfully interesting photo of papa's uncle's friend in his Bengal uniform, an awfully well-taken photo of papa's grandfather's partner's dog, and an awfully wicked one of papa as the devil for a fancy-dress ball.

At eight-thirty Jones had examined seventy-one photographs.

There were about sixty-nine more that he hadn't. Jones rose. 'I must say good night now,' he pleaded.

'Say good night!' they said, 'why it's only half past eight! Have you anything to do?'

'Nothing,' he admitted, and muttered something about staying six weeks, and then laughed miserably.

Just then it turned out that the favourite child of the family, such a dear little boy, had hidden Mr Jones's hat, so papa said that he must stay, and invited him to a pipe and a chat. Papa had the pipe and gave Jones the chat, and still he stayed. Every moment he meant to take the plunge, but couldn't. Then papa began to get very tired of Jones and finally said, with irony, that Jones had better stay all night they could make up a bed for him. Jones mistook his meaning and thanked him with tears in his eyes, and papa put Jones to bed in the spare room and cursed him heartily.

After breakfast next day, papa went off to his work in the city, and left Jones playing with the baby, broken-hearted. His nerve was utterly gone. He was meaning to leave all day, but the thing had got on his mind and he sim-

ply couldn't. When papa came home in the evening he was surprised and angry to find Jones still there. He thought to get rid of him with a joke, and said he thought he'd have to charge him for his board, he! he! The unhappy young man stared wildly for a moment, then shook papa's hand, paid him a month's board in advance, and broke down and sobbed like a child.

In the days that followed he was moody and unapproachable. He lived, of course, entirely in the drawing-room, and the lack of air and exercise began to affect his health. He passed his time in drinking tea and looking at the photographs. He would stand for hours gazing at the photograph of papa's uncle's friend in his Bengal uniform - talking to it, sometimes swearing bitterly at it. His mind was obviously failing.

At length the crash came. They carried him upstairs in a raging delirium of fever. The illness that followed was terrible. He recognised no one, not even papa's uncle's friend in his Bengal uniform. At times he would start up from his bed and shriek, 'Well, I think I...' and then fall back upon the pillow with a horrible laugh. Then, again, he would jump up and cry, 'Another cup of tea and more photographs! More photographs! Har! Har!'

At length, after a month of agony, on the last day of his vacation, he passed away. They say that when the last moment came, he sat up in bed with a beautiful smile of confidence playing upon his face, and said, 'Well - the angels are calling me; I'm afraid I really must go now. Good afternoon.'

And the rushing of his spirit from its prison-house was as quick as a hunted cat passing over a garden fence.

THE OPEN WINDOW

(by 'Saki' (H.H. Munro))

'My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel,' said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; 'in the meantime you must try and put up with me.'

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

'I know how it will be,' his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; 'you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice.'

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

'Do you know many of the people round here?' asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

'Hardly a soul,' said Framton. 'My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here.'

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

'Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?' pursued the self-possessed young lady.

'Only her name and address,' admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

'Her great tragedy happened just three years ago,' said the child; 'that would be since your sister's time.'

'Her tragedy?' asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

'You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon,' said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

'It is quite warm for the time of the year,' said Framton; 'but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?'

'Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it.' Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. 'Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing, "Bertie, why do you bound?" as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—'

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt hustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

'I hope Vera has been amusing you?' she said.

'She has been very interesting,' said Framton.

'I hope you don't mind the open window,' said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; 'my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes to-day, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?'

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

'The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise,' announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. 'On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement,' he continued.

'No?' said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention - but not to what Framton was saying.

'Here they are at last!' she cried. 'Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!'

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: 'I said, Bertie, why do you bound?'

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

'Here we are, my dear,' said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; 'fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?'

'A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel,' said Mrs. Sappleton; 'could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost.'

'I expect it was the spaniel,' said the niece calmly; 'he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make any one lose their nerve.'

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

A DILL PICKLE
(by Katherine Mansfield)

And then, after six years, she saw him again. He was seated at one of those little bamboo tables decorated with a Japanese vase of paper daffodils. There was a tall plate of fruit in front of him, and very carefully, in a way she recognized immediately as his 'special' way, he was peeling an orange.

He must have felt that shock of recognition in her for he looked up and met her eyes. Incredible! He didn't know her! She smiled; he frowned. She came towards him. He closed his eyes an instant, but opening them his face lit up as though he had struck a match in a dark room. He laid down the orange and pushed back his chair, and she took her little warm hand out of her muff and gave it to him.

'Vera!' he exclaimed. 'How strange. Really, for a moment I didn't know you. Won't you sit down? You've had lunch? Won't you have some coffee?'

She hesitated, but of course she meant to.

'Yes, I'd like some coffee.' And she sat down opposite him.

'You've changed. You've changed very much,' he said, staring at her with that eager, lighted look. 'You look so well. I've never seen you look so well before.'

'Really?' She raised her veil and unbuttoned her high fur collar. 'I don't feel very well. I can't bear this weather, you know.'

'Ah, no. You hate the cold. ...'

'Loathe it.' She shuddered. 'And the worst of it is that the older one grows...'

He interrupted her. 'Excuse me,' and tapped on the table for the waitress. 'Please bring some coffee and cream.' To her: 'You are sure you won't eat anything? Some fruit, perhaps. The fruit here is very good.'

'No, thanks. Nothing.'

'Then that's settled.' And smiling just a hint too broadly he took up the orange again. 'You were saying - the older one grows -'

'The colder,' she laughed. But she was thinking how well she remembered that trick of his - the trick of interrupting her - and of how it used to exasperate her six years ago. She used to feel then as though he, quite suddenly, in the middle of what she was saying, put his hand over her lips, turned from her, attended to something different, and then took his hand away, and with just the same slightly too broad smile, gave her his attention again. . . . Now we are ready. That is settled.

'The colder!' He echoed her words, laughing too. 'Ah, ah. You still say the same things. And there is another thing about you that is not changed at all - your beautiful voice - your beautiful way of speaking.' Now he was very grave; he leaned towards her, and she smelled the warm, stinging scent of the orange peel. 'You have only to say one word and I would know your voice among all other voices. I don't know what it is - I've often wondered - that

makes your voice such a - haunting memory . . . Do you remember that first afternoon we spent together at Kew Gardens? You were so surprised because I did not know the names of any flowers. I am still just as ignorant for all your telling me. But whenever it is very fine and warm, and I see some bright colours - it's awfully strange - I hear your voice saying: "Geranium, marigold, and verbena." And I feel those three words are all I recall of some forgotten, heavenly language. . . . You remember that afternoon?"

'Oh, yes, very well.' She drew a long, soft breath, as though the paper daffodils between them were almost too sweet to bear. Yet, what had remained in her mind of that particular afternoon was an absurd scene over the tea table. A great many people taking tea in a Chinese pagoda, and he behaving like a maniac about the wasps - waving them away, flapping at them with his straw hat, serious and infuriated out of all proportion to the occasion. How delighted the sniggering tea drinkers had been. And how she had suffered.

But now, as he spoke, that memory faded. His was the truer. Yes, it had been a wonderful afternoon, full of geranium and marigold and verbena, and - warm sunshine. Her thoughts lingered over the last two words as though she sang them.

In the warmth, as it were, another memory unfolded. She saw herself sitting on a lawn. He lay beside her, and suddenly, after a long silence, he rolled over and put his head in her lap.

'I wish,' he said in a low, troubled voice, 'I wish that I had taken poison and were about to die - here now!'

At that moment a little girl in a white dress, holding a long, dripping water lily, dodged from behind a bush, stared at them, and dodged back again. But he did not see. She leaned over him.

'Ah, why do you say that? I could not say that.'

But he gave a kind of soft moan, and taking her hand he held it to his cheek.

'Because I know I am going to love you too much - far too much. And I shall suffer so terribly, Vera, because you never, never will love me.'

He was certainly far better looking now than he had been then. He had lost all that dreamy vagueness and indecision. Now he had the air of a man who has found his place in life, and fills it with a confidence and an assurance which was, to say the least, impressive. He must have made money, too. His clothes were admirable, and at that moment he pulled a Russian cigarette case out of his pocket.

'Won't you smoke?'

'Yes, I will.' She hovered over them. 'They look very good.'

'I think they are. I get them made for me by a little man in St James's Street. I don't smoke very much. I'm not like you - but when I do, they must be delicious, very fresh cigarettes. Smoking isn't a habit with me; it's a luxury - like perfume. Are you still so fond of perfumes? Ah, when I was in Russia

She broke in: 'You've really been to Russia?'

'Oh, yes. I was there for over a year. Have you forgotten how we used to talk of going there?'

'No, I've not forgotten.'

He gave a strange half laugh and leaned back in his chair.

'Isn't it curious? I have really carried out all those journeys that we planned. Yes, I have been to all those places that we talked of, and stayed in them long enough to - as you used to say, "air oneself" in them. In fact, I have spent the last three years of my life travelling all the time. Spain, Corsica, Siberia, Russia, Egypt. The only country left is China, and I mean to go there, too, when the war is over.'

As he spoke, so lightly, tapping the end of his cigarette against the ash-tray, she felt the strange beast that had slumbered so long within her bosom stir, stretch itself, yawn, prick up its ears, and suddenly bound to its feet, and fix its longing, hungry stare upon those far away places. But all she said was, smiling gently: 'How I envy you.'

He accepted that. 'It has been,' he said, 'very wonderful - especially Russia. Russia was all that we had imagined, and far, far more. I even spent some days on a river boat on the Volga. Do you remember that boatman's song that you used to play?'

'Yes.' It began to play in her mind as she spoke.

'Do you ever play it now?'

'No, I've no piano.'

He was amazed at that. 'But what has become of your beautiful piano?'

She made a little grimace. 'Sold. Ages ago.'

'But you were so fond of music,' he wondered.

'I've no time for it now,' said she.

He let it go at that. 'That river life,' he went on, 'is something quite special. After a day or two you cannot realize that you have ever known another. And it is not necessary to know the language - the life of the boat creates a bond between you and the people that's more than sufficient. You eat with them, pass the day with them, and in the evening there is that endless singing.'

She shivered, hearing the boatman's song break out again loud and tragic, and seeing the boat floating on the darkening river with melancholy trees on either side . . . 'Yes, I should like that,' said she, stroking her muff.

'You'd like almost everything about Russian life,' he said warmly. 'It's so informal, so impulsive, so free without question. And then the peasants are so splendid. They are such human beings - yes, that is it. Even the man who drives your carriage has - has some real part in what is happening. I remember the evening a party of us, two friends of mine and the wife of one of them, went for a picnic by the Black Sea. We took supper and champagne and ate and drank on the grass. And while we were eating the coachman

came up. "Have a dill pickle," he said. He wanted to share with us. That seemed to me so right, so - you know what I mean?"

And she seemed at that moment to be sitting on the grass beside the mysteriously Black Sea, black as velvet, and rippling against the banks in silent, velvet waves. She saw the carriage drawn up to one side of the road, and the little group on the grass, their faces and hands white in the moonlight. She saw the pale dress of the woman outspread and her folded parasol, lying on the grass like a huge pearl crochet hook. Apart from them, with his supper in a cloth on his knees, sat the coachman. 'Have a dill pickle,' said he, and although she was not certain what a dill pickle was, she saw the greenish glass jar with a red chili like a parrot's beak glimmering through. She sucked in her cheeks; the dill pickle was terribly sour. . . .

'Yes, I know perfectly what you mean,' she said.

In the pause that followed they looked at each other. In the past when they had looked at each other like that they had felt such a boundless understanding between them that their souls had, as it were, put their arms round each other and dropped into the same sea, content to be drowned, like mournful lovers. But now, the surprising thing was that it was he who held back. He who said:

'What a marvellous listener you are. When you look at me with those wild eyes I feel that I could tell you things that I would never breathe to another human being.'

Was there just a hint of mockery in his voice or was it her fancy? She could not be sure.

'Before I met you,' he said, I had never spoken of myself to anybody. How well I remember one night, the night that I brought you the little Christmas tree, telling you all about my childhood. And of how I was so miserable that I ran away and lived under a cart in our yard for two days without being discovered. And you listened, and your eyes shone, and I felt that you had even made the little Christmas tree listen too, as in a fairy story.'

But of that evening she had remembered a little pot of caviare. It had cost seven and sixpence. He could not get over it. Think of it - a tiny jar like that costing seven and sixpence. While she ate it he watched her, delighted and shocked.

'No, really, that is eating money. You could not get seven shillings into a little pot that size. Only think of the profit they must make. ...' And he had begun some immensely complicated calculations. . . . But now good-bye to the caviare. The Christmas tree was on the table, and the little boy lay under the cart with his head pillowed on the yard dog.

'The dog was called Bosun,' she cried delightedly.

But he did not follow. 'Which dog? Had you a dog? I don't remember a dog at all.'

'No, no. I meant the yard dog when you were a little boy.' He laughed and snapped the cigarette case to.

'Was he? Do you know I had forgotten that. It seems such ages ago. I cannot believe that it is only six years. After I had recognized you today -I had to take such a leap -I had to take a leap over my whole life to get back to that time. I was such a kid then.' He drummed on the table. 'I've often thought how I must have bored you. And now I understand so perfectly why you wrote to me as you did - although at the time that letter nearly finished my life. I found it again the other day, and I couldn't help laughing as I read it. It was so clever - such a true picture of me.' He glanced up. 'You're not going?'

She had buttoned her collar again and drawn down her veil.

'Yes, I am afraid I must,' she said, and managed a smile. Now she knew that he had been mocking.

'Ah, no, please,' he pleaded. 'Don't go just for a moment,' and he caught up one of her gloves from the table and clutched at it as if that would hold her. 'I see so few people to talk to nowadays, that I have turned into a sort of barbarian,' he said. 'Have I said something to hurt you?'

'Not a bit,' she lied. But as she watched him draw her glove through his fingers, gently, gently, her anger really did die down, and besides, at the moment he looked more like himself of six years ago. . . .

'What I really wanted then,' he said softly, 'was to be a sort of carpet - to make myself into a sort of carpet for you to walk on so that you need not be hurt by the sharp stones and the mud that you hated so. It was nothing more positive than that - nothing more selfish. Only I did desire, eventually, to turn into a magic carpet and carry you away to all those lands you longed to see.'

As he spoke she lifted her head as though she drank something; the strange beast in her bosom began to purr. . . .

'I felt that you were more lonely than anybody else in the world,' he went on, 'and yet, perhaps, that you were the only person in the world who was really, truly alive. Born out of your time,' he murmured, stroking the glove, 'fated.'

Ah, God! What had she done! How had she dared to throw away her happiness like this. This was the only man who had ever understood her. Was it too late? Could it be too late? She was that glove that he held in his fingers....

'And then the fact that you had no friends and never had made friends with people. How I understood that, for neither had I. Is it just the same now?'

'Yes,' she breathed. 'Just the same. I am as alone as ever.'

'So am I,' he laughed gently, 'just the same.'

Suddenly with a quick gesture he handed her back the glove and scraped his chair on the floor. 'But what seemed to me so mysterious then is

perfectly plain to me now. And to you, too, of course. . . . It simply was that we were such egoists, so self-engrossed, so wrapped up in ourselves that we hadn't a corner in our hearts for anybody else. Do you know,' he cried, naive and hearty, and dreadfully like another side of that old self again, 'I began studying a Mind System when I was in Russia, and I found that we were not peculiar at all. It's quite a well-known form of...'

She had gone. He sat there, thunder-struck, astounded beyond words. . . . And then he asked the waitress for his bill.

'But the cream has not been touched,' he said. 'Please do not charge me for it.'

LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER

(by Roald Dahl)

The room was warm and clean, the curtains drawn, the two table lamps alight - hers and the one by the empty chair opposite. On the sideboard behind her, two tall glasses, soda water, whisky. Fresh ice cubes in the Thermos bucket.

Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of the head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil. Her skin - for this was her sixth month with child - had acquired a wonderful translucent quality, the mouth was soft, and the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger, darker than before.

When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few moments later, punctually as always, she heard the tyres on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as he came in.

'Hullo, darling,' she said.

'Hullo,' he answered.

She took his coat and hung it in the closet. Then she walked over and made the drinks, a strongish one for him, a weak one for herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he in the other, opposite, holding the tall glass with both his hands, rocking it so the ice cubes tinkled against the side.

For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved to luxuriate in the presence of this man, and to feel - almost as a sunbather feels the sun - that warm male glow that came out of him to

her when they were alone together. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides. She loved the intent, far look in his eyes when they rested on her, the funny shape of the mouth, and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness, sitting still with himself until the whisky had taken some of it away.

'Tired, darling?'

'Yes' he said. 'I'm tired.' And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it, left. She wasn't really watching him but she knew what he had done because she heard the ice cubes falling back against the bottom of the empty glass when he lowered his arm. He paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another.

'I'll get it!' she cried, jumping up.

'Sit down,' he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was dark amber with the quantity of whisky in it.

'Darling, shall I get your slippers?'

'No.'

She watched him as he began to sip the dark yellow drink, and she could see little oily swirls in the liquid because it was so strong.

'I think it's a shame,' she said, 'that when a policeman gets to be as senior as you, they keep him walking about on his feet all day long.'

He didn't answer, so she bent her head again and went on with her sewing; but each time he lifted the drink to his lips, she heard the ice cubes clinking against the side of the glass.

'Darling,' she said. 'Would you like me to get you some cheese? I haven't made any supper because it's Thursday.'

'No,' he said.

If you're too tired to eat out,' she went on, 'it's still not too late. There's plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair.'

Her eyes waited on him for an answer, a smile, a little nod, but he made no sign.

'Anyway,' she went on, 'I'll get you some cheese and crackers first.'

'I don't want it,' he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face. 'But you *must* have supper. I can easily do it here. I'd like to do it. We can have lamb chops. Or pork. Anything you want. Everything's in the freezer.'

'Forget it,' he said.

'But, darling, you must eat! I'll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like.'

She stood up and placed her sewing on the table by the lamp.

'Sit down,' he said. 'Just for a minute, sit down.'

It wasn't till then that she began to get frightened.

'Go on,' he said. 'Sit down.'

She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes. He had finished the second drink and was staring down into the glass, frowning.

'Listen,' he said. 'I've got something to tell you.'

'What is it, darling? What's the matter?'

He had become absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down so that the light from the lamp beside him fell across the upper part of his face, leaving the chin and mouth in shadow. She noticed there was a little muscle moving near the corner of his left eye.

'This is going to be a bit of a shock to you. I'm afraid,' he said. 'But I've thought about it a good deal and I've decided the only thing to do is tell you right away. I hope you won't blame me too much.'

And he told her. It didn't take long, four or five minutes at most, and she sat very still through it all, watching him with a kind of dazed horror as he went further and further away from her with each word.

'So there it is,' he added. 'And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course I'll give you money and see you're looked after. But there needn't really be any fuss. I hope not anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job.'

Her first instinct was not to believe any of it, to reject it all. It occurred to her that perhaps he hadn't even spoken, that she herself had imagined the whole thing. Maybe, if she went about her business and acted as though she hadn't been listening, then later, when she sort of woke up again, she might find none of it had ever happened.

'I'll get the supper,' she managed to whisper, and this time he didn't stop her.

When she walked across the room she couldn't feel her feet touching the floor. She couldn't feel anything at all - except a slight nausea and desire to vomit. Everything was automatic now - down the stairs to the cellar, the light switch, the deep freeze, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met. She lifted it out, and looked at it. It was wrapped in paper, so she took off the paper and looked at it again.

A leg of lamb.

All right then, they would have lamb for supper. She carried it upstairs, holding the thin bone-end of it with both her hands, and as she went through the living-room, she saw him standing over by the window with his back to her, and she stopped.

'For God's sake,' he said, hearing her, but not turning round. 'Don't make supper for me. I'm going out.'

At that point, Mary Maloney simply walked up behind him and without any pause she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought it down as hard as she could on the back of his head.

She might just as well have hit him with a steel club.

She stepped back a pace, waiting, and the funny thing was that he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds, gently swaying. Then he crashed to the carpet.

The violence of the crash, the noise, the small table overturning, helped bring her out of the shock. She came out slowly, feeling cold and surprised, and she stood for a while blinking at the body, still holding the ridiculous piece of meat tight with both hands.

All right, she told herself. So I've killed him.

It was extraordinary, now, how clear her mind became all of a sudden. She began thinking very fast. As the wife of a detective, she knew quite well what the penalty would be. That was fine. It made no difference to her. In fact, it would be a relief. On the other hand, what about the child? What were the laws about murderers with unborn children? Did they kill them both - mother and child? Or did they wait until the tenth month? What did they do?

Mary Maloney didn't know. And she certainly wasn't prepared to take a chance.

She carried the meat into the kitchen, placed it in a pan, turned the oven on high, and shoved it inside. Then she washed her hands and ran upstairs to the bedroom. She sat down before the mirror, tidied her face, touched up her lips and face. She tried a smile. It came out rather peculiar. She tried again.

'Hullo Sam,' she said brightly, aloud.

The voice sounded peculiar too.

'I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas.'

That was better. Both the smile and the voice were coming out better now. She rehearsed it several times more. Then she ran downstairs, took her coat, went out the back door, down the garden, into the street.

It wasn't six o'clock yet and the lights were still on in the grocery shop.

'Hullo Sam,' she said brightly, smiling at the man behind the counter.

'Why, good evening, Mrs Maloney. How're *you*?'

'I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas.'

The man turned and reached up behind him on the shelf for the peas.

'Patrick's decided he's tired and doesn't want to eat out tonight,' she told him. 'We usually go out Thursdays, you know, and now he's caught me without any vegetables in the house.'

'Then how about meat, Mrs Maloney?'

'No, I've got meat, thanks. I got a nice leg of lamb, from the freezer.'

'Oh.'

'I don't much like cooking it frozen, Sam, but I'm taking a chance on it this time. You think it'll be all right?'

'Personally,' the grocer said, 'I don't believe it makes any difference. You want these Idaho potatoes?'

'Oh yes, that'll be fine. Two of those.'

'Anything else?' The grocer cocked his head on one side, looking at her pleasantly. 'How about afterwards? What you going to give him for afterwards?'

'Well - what would you suggest, Sam?'

The man glanced around his shop. 'How about a nice big slice of cheesecake? I know he likes that.'

'Perfect,' she said. 'He loves it.'

And when it was all wrapped and she had paid, she put on her brightest smile and said, 'Thank you, Sam. Good night.'

'Good night, Mrs Maloney. And thank you.'

And now, she told herself as she hurried back, all she was doing now, she was returning home to her husband and he was waiting for his supper; and she must cook it good, and make it as tasty as possible because the poor man was tired; and if, when she entered the house, she happened to find anything unusual, or tragic, or terrible, then naturally it would be a shock and she'd become frantic with grief and horror. Mind you, she wasn't expecting to find anything. She was just going home with the vegetables. Mrs Patrick Maloney going home with the vegetables on Thursday evening to cook supper for her husband.

That's the way, she told herself. Do everything right and natural. Keep things absolutely natural and there'll be no need for any acting at all.

Therefore, when she entered the kitchen by the back door, she was humming a little tune to herself and smiling.

'Patrick!' she called. 'How are you, darling?'

She put the parcel down on the table and went through into the living-room; and when she saw him lying there on the floor with his legs doubled up and one arm twisted back underneath his body, it really was rather a shock. All the old love and longing for him welled up inside her, and she ran over to him, knelt down beside him, and began to cry her heart out. It was easy. No acting was necessary.

A few minutes later she got up and went to the phone. She knew the number of the police station, and when the man at the other end answered, she cried to him, 'Quick! Come quick! Patrick's dead!'

'Who's speaking?'

'Mrs Maloney. Mrs Patrick Maloney.'

'You mean Patrick Maloney's dead?'

'I think so,' she sobbed. 'He's lying on the floor and I think he's dead.'

'Be right over,' the man said.

The car came very quickly, and when she opened the front door, two policemen walked in. She knew them both - she knew nearly all the men at that precinct - and she fell right into Jack Noonan's arms, weeping hysterically. He put her gently into a chair, then went over to join the other one, who was called O'Malley, kneeling by the body.

'Is he dead?' she cried.

'I'm afraid he is. What happened?'

Briefly, she told her story about going out to the grocer and coming back to find him on the floor. While she was talking, crying and talking, Noonan discovered a small patch of congealed blood on the dead man's head. He showed it to O'Malley who got up at once and hurried to the phone.

Soon, other men began to come into the house. First a doctor, then two detectives, one of whom she knew by name. Later, a police photographer arrived and took pictures, and a man who knew about fingerprints. There was a great deal of whispering and muttering beside the corpse, and the detectives kept asking her a lot of questions. But they always treated her kindly. She told her story again, this time right from the beginning, when Patrick had come in, and she was sewing, and he was tired, so tired he hadn't wanted to go out for supper. She told how she'd put the meat in the oven - 'it's there now, cooking' - and how she'd slipped out to the grocer for vegetables, and come back to find him lying on the floor.

'Which grocer?' one of the detectives asked.

She told him, and he turned and whispered something to the other detective who immediately went outside into the street.

In fifteen minutes he was back with a page of notes, and there was more whispering, and through her sobbing she heard a few of the whispered phrases - '... acted quite normal . . . very cheerful . . . wanted to give him a good supper . . . peas . . . cheesecake . . . impossible that she. . .'

After a while, the photographer and the doctor departed and two other men came in and took the corpse away on a stretcher. Then the fingerprint man went away. The two detectives remained, and so did the two policemen. They were exceptionally nice to her, and Jack Noonan asked if she wouldn't rather go somewhere else, to her sister's house perhaps, or to his own wife who would take care of her and put her up for the night.

No, she said. She didn't feel she could move even a yard at the moment. Would they mind awfully if she stayed just where she was until she felt better? She didn't feel too good at the moment, she really didn't.

Then hadn't she better lie down on the bed? Jack Noonan asked.

No, she said, she'd like to stay right where she was, in this chair. A little later perhaps, when she felt better, she would move.

So they left her there while they went about their business, searching the house. Occasionally one of the detectives asked her another question. Sometimes Jack Noonan spoke to her gently as he passed by. Her husband, he told her, had been killed by a blow on the back of the head administered with a heavy blunt instrument, almost certainly a large piece of metal. They were looking for the weapon. The murderer may have taken it with him, but on the other hand he may've thrown it away or hidden it somewhere on the premises.

'It's the old story,' he said. 'Get the weapon, and you've got the man.'

Later, one of the detectives came up and sat beside her. Did she know, he asked, of anything in the house that could've been used as the weapon? Would she mind having a look around to see if anything was missing - a very big spanner, for example, or a heavy metal vase.

They didn't have any heavy metal vases, she said.

'Or a big spanner?'

She didn't think they had a big spanner. But there might be some things like that in the garage.

The search went on. She knew that there were other policemen in the garden all around the house. She could hear their footsteps on the gravel outside, and sometimes she saw the flash of a torch through a chink in the curtains. It began to get late, nearly nine she noticed by the clock on the mantel. The four men searching the rooms seemed to be growing weary, a trifle exasperated.

'Jack', she said, the next time Sergeant Noonan went by. 'Would you mind giving me a drink?'

'Sure I'll give you a drink. You mean this whisky?'

'Yes, please. But just a small one. It might make me feel better.'

He handed her the glass.

'Why don't you have one yourself,' she said. 'You must be awfully tired. Please do. You've been very good to me.'

'Well,' he answered. 'It's not strictly allowed, but I might take just a drop to keep me going.'

One by one the others came in and were persuaded to take a little nip of whisky. They stood around rather awkwardly with the drinks in their hands, uncomfortable in her presence, trying to say consoling things to her. Sergeant Noonan wandered into the kitchen, came out quickly and said, 'Look, Mrs Maloney. You know that oven of yours is still on, and the meat still inside.'

'Oh, dear me!' she cried. 'So it is!'

'I better turn it off for you, hadn't I?'

'Will you do that. Jack. Thank you so much.'

When the sergeant returned the second time, she looked at him with her large, dark, tearful eyes. 'Jack Noonan,' she said.

'Yes?'

'Would you do me a small favour - you and these others?'

'We can try, Mrs Maloney.'

'Well,' she said. 'Here you all are, and good friends of dear Patrick's too, and helping to catch the man who killed him. You must be terribly hungry by now because it's long past your supper time, and I know Patrick would never forgive me, God bless his soul, if I allowed you to remain in his house without offering you decent hospitality. Why don't you eat up that lamb that's in the oven? It'll be cooked just right by now.'

'Wouldn't dream of it,' Sergeant Noonan said.

'Please,' she begged. 'Please eat it. Personally I couldn't touch a thing, certainly not what's been in the house when he was here. But it's all right for you. It'd be a favour to me if you'd eat it up. Then you can go on with your work again afterwards.'

There was a good deal of hesitating among the four policemen, but they were clearly hungry, and in the end they were persuaded to go into the kitchen and help themselves. The woman stayed where she was, listening to them through the open door, and she could hear them speaking among themselves, their voices thick and sloppy because their mouths were full of meat.

'Have some more, Charlie?'

'No. Better not finish it.'

'She wants us to finish it. She said so. Be doing her a favour.'

'Okay then. Give me some more.'

'That's the hell of a big club the guy must've used to hit poor Patrick,' one of them was saying. 'The doc says his skull was smashed all to pieces just like from a sledge-hammer.'

'That's why it ought to be easy to find.'

'Exactly what I say.'

'Whoever done it, they're not going to be carrying a thing like that around with them longer than they need.'

One of them belched.

'Personally, I think it's right here on the premises.'

'Probably right under our very noses. What you think, Jack?'

And in the other room Mary Maloney began to giggle.

Part IV

Controlled Practice

Extract 1

(The author is reflecting on life as it goes on beyond his own window.)

From my window, the deep solemn massive street. Cellar-shops where the lamps burn all day, under the shadow of top-heavy balconied facades, dirty plaster frontages embossed with scroll-work and heraldic devices. The whole district is like this: street leading into street of houses like shabby monumental safes crammed with the tarnished valuables and second-hand furniture of a bankrupt middle class.

I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking. Recording the man shaving at the window opposite and the woman in the kimono washing her hair. Some day, all this will have to be developed, carefully printed, fixed.

At eight o'clock in the evening the house-doors will be locked. The children are having supper. The shops are shut. The electric sign is switched on over the night-bell of the little hotel on the corner, where you can hire a room by the hour. And soon the whistling will begin. Young men are calling their girls. Standing down there in the cold, they whistle up at the lighted windows of warm rooms where the beds are already turned down for the night. They want to be let in. Their signals echo down the deep hollow street, lascivious and private and sad. Because of the whistling, I do not care to stay here in the evenings. It reminds me that I am in a foreign city, alone, far from home. Sometimes I determine not to listen to it, pick up a book, try to read. But soon a call is sure to sound, so piercing, so insistent, so despairingly human, that at last I have to get up and peep through the slats of the venetian blind to make quite sure that it is not - as I know very well it could not possibly be - for me.

(Christopher Isherwood: A Berlin Diary)

Extract 2

But to be in Seville without a guitar is like being on ice without skates. So every morning, while Kati went dancing with the Maestro Realito, I took lessons on the instrument in my room.

My instructor, one of Seville's most respected professors of the guitar, was a small sad man, exquisitely polite and patient, poorly but neatly dressed, and addicted to bow-ties made of wallpaper. Each day, at the stroke of ten, he knocked softly at my door and entered on tiptoe, as though into a sick room, carrying his guitar-case like a doctor's bag.

'How are we today?' he would ask sympathetically, 'and how do we proceed?'

Silently, he would place two chairs opposite each other, put me in the one facing the light, sit himself in the other, and then ponder me long and sadly while I played. Infinite compassion, as from one who has seen much suffering, possessed his face while he listened. An expression also of one who, forced to inhabit a solitary peak of perfection, has nowhere to look but downwards at the waste of fumbling world.

After an hour's examination, during which he tested all my faulty coordinations, he would hand me a page of exercises and bid me take them twice a day. Then, with a little bow, his chin resting mournfully upon his paper tie, he would leave me to visit his next patient.

Sometimes - but only very occasionally - he would relax at the end of the lesson, empty his pockets of tobacco dust, roll himself a cigarette, smile, and take up his guitar and play to me for an hour. Then his eyes would turn inward and disappear into the echoing chambers of his mind, while his long white fingers moved over the strings with the soft delicacy of the blind, lost in a dream of melody and invention. And faced with the beauty of his technique, the complex harmonies, the ease and grace, the supreme mastery of tone and feeling, I would feel like one of the lesser apes who, shuffling on his knuckles through the somber marshes, suddenly catches sight of homo sapiens, upright on a hill, his gold head raised to the sky.

(Laurie Lee: *Cider with Rosie*)

Extract 3

She was in the house of a married friend, sitting on the verandah, with a lighted room behind her. She was alone; and heard people talking in low voices, and caught her own name. She rose to go inside and declare herself: it was typical of her that her first thought was, how unpleasant it would be for her friends to know she had overheard. Then she sank down again, and waited for a suitable moment to pretend she had just come in from the garden. This was the conversation she listened to, while her face burned and her hands went clammy.

'She's not fifteen any longer: it is ridiculous! Someone should tell her about her clothes.'

'How old is she?'

'Must be well over thirty. She has been going strong for years. She was working long before I began working, and that was a good twelve years ago.'

'Why doesn't she marry? She must have had plenty of chances.'

There was a dry chuckle. 'I don't think so. My husband was keen on her himself once, but he thinks she will never marry. She just isn't like that, isn't like that at all. Something missing somewhere.'

'Oh, I don't know.'

'She's gone off so much, in any case. The other day I caught sight of her in the street and hardly recognized her. It's a fact! The way she plays all those games, her skin is like sandpaper, and she's got so thin.'

'But she's such a nice girl.'

'She'll never set the rivers on fire, though.'

'She'd make someone a good wife. She's a good sort, Mary.'

'She should marry someone years older than herself. A man of fifty would suit her ... you'll see, she will marry someone old enough to be her father one of these days.'

'One never can tell!'

There was another chuckle, good-hearted enough, but it sounded cruelly malicious to Mary. She was stunned and outraged; but most of all deeply wounded that her friends could discuss her thus. She was so naive, so unconscious of herself in relation to other people, that it had never entered her head that people could discuss her behind her back. And the things they had said! She sat there writhing, twisting her hands. Then she composed herself and went back into the room to join her treacherous friends, who greeted her as cordially as if they had not just that moment driven knives into her heart and thrown her quite off balance; she could not recognize herself in the picture they had made of her!

(Doris Lessing: *The Grass is Singing*)

Extract 4

(In this extract Willy, a Jewish refugee from Eastern Europe, reveals a little of his past to Mary, a woman who has fallen in love with him.)

'We were on a summer holiday,' Willy went on, 'at a seaside place on the Black Sea. Every morning I went with my nurse into the public gardens and she sat down and knitted and I pretended to play. I didn't really play because I didn't know how to play like that in public and I was frightened of other children. I knew I was supposed to run about and I ran about and pretended to pretend to be a horse. But all the time I was worrying in case someone should look at me and know that it was all false and that I was not a happy child playing at all, but a little frightened thing running to and fro. I would have liked just to sit quietly beside my nurse, but she would not allow that and would tell me to run about and enjoy myself. There were other children in the public gardens but they were mostly older than me and went about in groups of their own. Then one day a little fair-haired girl with a small black and white dog came to the gardens. The little girl's nurse sat near to my nurse and I began to play with the dog. I was too shy to speak to the girl or even look at her properly. She had a blue velvet coat and little blue boots. I can see those blue boots very clearly. Perhaps that was all I let myself see of her in the first days. She was just a blurred thing near to where I was playing with the dog. I liked playing with the dog, that was real playing, but I wanted much more to play with the little girl, but she would go and sit beside her nurse, though I heard her more than once being told that she might play with me if she wished.

Then she began to come near to me when I was petting the dog, and once when I was sitting on the grass with the dog lying beside me she came and sat down beside the dog too, and I asked her the dog's name. I can still feel the warm smooth feeling of the dog's back on which I had put my hand and I can see her hand near to mine stroking the dog's ears, and now I can see her face as I first saw it clearly for the first time, a round rosy rather shiny glowing face. She had short very fair hair and a funny little cross mouth and I loved her. We talked a little bit and then she asked me to play with her. I was an only child and I did not know how one played with another child. I knew no games which could be played except alone. I said I would play with her but did not then know what to do. She tried to teach me a game, but I was too foolish and too much loving to understand, and I think anyway it was a game needing more people. In the end we just played with the dog, running races with it and teasing it and trying to make it do tricks. Now I wanted every day to come to the public gardens to see the little girl and I was very very happy. I think I was happier in those days than I have ever been since in my whole life. Then one day I thought I would like to bring a present to the little girl and the dog, and I persuaded my parents

to buy a little yellow bouncing ball for the dog to play with and for us to throw and for him to bring back. I was so impatient for the next morning, I could hardly wait to show my friend the yellow ball and to throw it for the little dog. Next morning then I went to the gardens, and there was the girl in her blue coat and her blue boots and the black and white dog frisking round about her. I showed her the yellow ball and I threw it for the dog and he went running after it and he caught it and it stuck in his throat and he choked and died.'

(Iris Murdoch: *The Nice and The Good*)

Biographical Notes

Sean O'Casey

O'CASEY, SEAN (1880-1964). Irish playwright. He was born into a poor Protestant family in Dublin and worked, despite ill health, as a manual labourer, becoming involved with both trade union and nationalist politics. *The Shadow of a Gunman* (1923), the first of his plays to be staged by the Abbey Theatre, was followed by *Juno and the Paycock* (1924), hissed by the intensely nationalistic audience, and *The Plough and the Stars* (1926), which provoked a full-scale riot led by objectors to its unheroic portrait of participants in the Easter Rising. Feeling rejected by the theatre whose fortunes his plays had sustained, O'Casey left Dublin for London. The decisive break with the Abbey came in 1928, when Yeats and his fellow directors rejected *The Silver Tassie* because of the EXPRESSIONISM (see the notes below) of its second act. It was staged in London in 1929 and, amid protest, at the Abbey in 1935. O'Casey had never wished to be limited to the tragicomic REALISM of his previous plays about the Dublin poor, as he showed in the wholly expressionistic *Within the Gates* (1943). His later plays, never rivaling the popularity of his Dublin work, included overtly Communist pieces, such as *The Star Turns Red* (1940) and *Red Roses for Me* (1943), and Irish plays, such as *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* (1949), *The Bishop's Bonfire* (1955) and *The Drums of Father Ned* (1959). These last depict a joy-denying church obstructing the Irish instinct for happiness, a theme often referred to in six extraordinary volumes of autobiography, beginning with *I Knock at the Door* (1939) and ending with *Sunset and Evening Star* (1954).

Sean O'Casey's "Autobiographies" are remarkable for their impassioned tone, for the flavour of the expressive speech of the Irish, for the folklore-like quality of imagery and rhythm.

EXPRESSIONISM. A term coined by the French painter Julien-Auguste Herve in 1901 to describe a new approach to painting, and later applied to movements in the other arts. In painting it signified the rejection of impressionism and its goal of depicting external reality in favour of an attempt to convey private experience, seen in the work of Van Gogh and Matisse and most memorably embodied in Edvard Munch's *The Scream*. As a literary term, expressionism has most often been applied to the theatre, beginning with German plays but spreading to the USA in the work of Eugene O'Neill, particularly in *The Emperor Jones* (1920) and *The Hairy Ape* (1922), and Elmer Rice in *The Adding Machine* (1923), and to Britain in the later work of O'Casey. The term 'expressionism' has also been applied to poetry (such as parts of Eliot's *The Waste Land*) and fiction (such as the Nighthtown episode of Joyce's *Ulysses*).

REALISM. A term first used in France in the 1850s for literature concerned with representing the world as it is rather than as it ought to be. Realism observes and documents contemporary life and everyday scenes as objectively as possible in low-key, unrheterical prose and reproduces the flavour of colloquial speech in its dialogue. Though realist writers may portray characters from all social levels, they often look to the lowest social classes and take cruelty or suffering as their subject.

Realism became the dominant mode of the 19th-century European novel and, from the late 1880s, the theatre as well. The great works of European realist fiction include Flaubert's *Sentimental Education*, Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* and Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. Accurate observation and attention to the structures of society make George Eliot's *Middlemarch* a notable English example. The chief American realists are Howells and Sinclair Lewis, while the line of English realist writing continues in the 20th century via Arnold Bennett to the post-World War II evocations of English middle-class life by Angus Wilson and the Northern working-class fiction of the 1950s. Realism played an important part in reviving the English theatre in the first decade of this century (Granville-Barker, Galsworthy) and again in the 1950s (Osborne and his generation). In Ireland O'Casey and in America O'Neil and Arthur Miller developed native versions of the dramatic realism of Ibsen and Strindberg.

Alfred Coppard

COPPARD, ALFRED EDGAR (1878-1957). Short-story writer and poet. His first volume of poetry, *Hips and Haws* appeared in 1922. He is chiefly remembered for the collections of short stories that began with *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me* (1921) and included *The Black Dog and other Stories* (1923), *Fishmonger's Fiddle: Tales* (1925) and *The Field of Mustard* (1926). They contain tales as diverse as the rich and mysterious 'Dusky Ruth' and 'The Presser', about a 10-year-old boy apprenticed to a Whitechapel tailor, but above all Coppard's work conveys the flavour of the English countryside.

A. Coppard followed the Dickens-Hardy tradition depicting the common man with impassioned concern and warm humour. His story *Tribute* is written in the genre of pamphlet, a type of literary composition in which some social evil is exposed and satirized.

Roald Dahl

DAHL, ROALD (1916-1990). Writer of children's literature. He was born and brought up in Great Britain, though his parents were Norwegian. During the Second World War he was a fighter pilot, and was sent to Washington, where he started writing short stories. Dahl's writing career was extraordinary in that he was famous for writing both for adults and for children. His books for children are distinguished by the fact that they include really unpleasant characters. Some of these stories are *James and the Giant Peach*, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* (filmed as *Willie Wonka's Chocolate Factory*, with Gene Wilder), and *The BFG*. He scripted the children's film *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* about a magical car.

His short stories for adults, in collections such as *Kiss Kiss*, *Switch Bitch* and *Someone Like You* are notable for their 'blackness' as well as 'the sting in the tail' or the 'twist' at the end of the story: a very unexpected development which takes the reader by surprise. He also wrote two volumes of autobiography: *Boy* and *Going Solo*.

Ernest Hemingway

HEMINGWAY, ERNEST (MILLER) 1898-1961. American novelist and short-story writer. In an adventurous life, lived increasingly in the public eye, he moved from his native Illinois to Kansas, Chicago, Toronto, Europe and, finally, Cuba. His years in Paris, where he was part of the circle including Pound, Gertrude Stein and Ford Madox Ford, were his most creative period. It produced two significant collections of stories, *In Our Time* (1925; expanded 1930), partly looking backward to his childhood in the

Great Lakes, and *Men without Women* (1927), as well as two significant novels, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926; called *Fiesta* in Britain), and *A Farewell To Arms* (1929). Their laconic, disillusioned stance captured the mood of the 'lost generation' who had survived World War I, and their spare style helped to refresh 20th-century prose. *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), a study of bull-fighting, was followed by: *Winner Take Nothing* (1933), a collection of stories; *Green Hills of Africa* (1935), about big-game hunting; *To Have and Have Not* (1937), a short novel about smuggling in the Key West-Havana region; and *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* (1938), in which the title-piece is a play about the Spanish Civil War and the stories include 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro'. The Spanish Civil War also provided the subject of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), an ambitious novel whose title implies that the loss of freedom anywhere diminishes it everywhere.

Across the River and into the Trees (1950), his first novel in a decade, was poorly received but *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), a parable of inner strength and courage, won Hemingway a belated Pulitzer Prize and helped to earn him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954. Consciousness of his literary decline, as well as ill health, contributed to his suicide. Posthumous publications include: a memoir of his years in Paris, *A Moveable Feast* (1964); two novels, *Islands in the Stream* (1970) and *The Garden of Eden* (1986); and *The Dangerous Summer* (1985), about a trip to Spain in 1959.

Christopher Isherwood

ISHERWOOD, CHRISTOPHER (WILLIAM BRADSHAW) 1904-86. Novelist, short-story writer and playwright. He is best remembered for *Mr Norris Changes Trains* (1935) and *Goodbye to Berlin* (1939), episodic, semi-autobiographical works about the Bohemian society of Berlin, where he lived in 1929-33. The latter contains 'Sally Bowles', a sketch about a cabaret artiste, later dramatized by John van Druten as *I am a Camera* (1951) and turned into a musical, *Cabaret* (1968). Isherwood collaborated with Auden on three plays. *The Dog beneath the Skin* (1935), *The Ascent of F6* (1936) and *On the Frontier* (1939), and an account of their visit to China *Journey to a War* (1938). After emigrating to the USA in 1939 he wrote screenplays, took an increasing interest in Indian philosophy and religion, and published several novels: *Prater Violet* (1945), *The World in the Evening* (1954), *Down There on a Visit* (1962) and *A Single Man* (1964). His autobiography, *Christopher and His Kind* (1972), gives a frank account of his homosexuality.

James Joyce

JOYCE, JAMES (AUGUSTINE ALOYSIUS) 1882-1941. Irish novelist, short-story writer and poet. James Joyce is unusual, even amongst great writers, as someone who was an artist first, above all things. It is almost impossible to separate out the events of his life from his work as a writer: he simply wrote himself. He returns again and again to the same places and characters, constantly enriching and embroidering the tapestry of his own life in Dublin.

Born in Dublin, he was educated at Jesuit schools and University College. While an undergraduate he made the acquaintance of Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory and George William Russell and others fostering the Irish cultural renaissance, but, eager to escape his family and dissatisfied with the narrowness of Irish life, he went to Paris after graduating in 1902. His mother's terminal illness obliged him to return the following year. During this visit he met Nora Barnacle, who became his permanent companion (they finally married in 1931) in a life of exile, wandering and poverty dictated by his unwavering dedication to his art. They left Ireland together in 1904 and first settled in Trieste, moving to Zurich during World War I and to Paris in 1920. During the 1930s he was increasingly beset by family worries - his daughter Lucia was diagnosed schizophrenic in 1932 - and by problems with deteriorating eyesight. The outbreak of World War II forced him to return to Zurich, where he died.

Youthful publications included an essay on Ibsen (1900) and a volume of poetry, *Chamber Music* (1907). His first significant work was *Dubliners* (1914), a collection of short stories, whose very title announced a central if paradoxical feature of his mature art: for all his continental wanderings and cosmopolitan sensibility, his subject would always remain the city he had left. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, begun as *Stephen Hero* in 1903 was serialized 1914-15 and published in volume form in 1916. An autobiographical novel, it used the technique of STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS which he had encountered in Dujardin's *Les Lauriers sont coupés* (1888).

Joyce subsequently published an unsuccessful play, *Exiles* (1918), and a slight volume of verses, *Pomes Penyeach* (1927), but these were mere asides during the creation of the two great works which occupied his remaining life. *Ulysses*, begun in 1914 and finished in 1921, used the character of Stephen Dedalus and the technique of stream of consciousness from the *Portrait*, while subduing both to a more radically ambitious purpose: nothing less than to recreate a day in the life of Dublin in painstaking detail while also locating it in the widest possible context of history and myth. The novel was serialized from 1918 until a prosecution for obscenity in 1920, and was first published in volume form in Paris in 1922. It was banned in the USA until 1933 and in Britain until 1937. *Finnegans Wake* begun in 1923, was serialized in 12 parts as *Work in Progress* in 1928-37 and published complete in

1939. The radical experimentalism which dissolves narrative into dream and the English language into polyglot puns has given it an exaggerated reputation for inaccessibility, yet it takes its place with *Ulysses*, not just as a central text of MODERNISM, but as a work which can outlive fluctuating critical judgements of modernism.

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS. A technique used by novelists to represent a character's thoughts and sense impressions without syntax or logical sequence. The term was first used by William James in his *Principles of Psychology* (1890) to describe the random flux of conscious and subconscious thoughts and impressions in the mind. A parallel description can be found in Bergson's account (1889) of the *elan vital*, popularized in England by Shaw. Literature can show many examples before both James and Bergson, notably Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1767), but stream of consciousness becomes important with the rise of MODERNISM in the 20th century. It can be seen in the works of Joyce (who preferred the term *monologue interieur* and claimed to have discovered the technique in Edouard Dujardin's *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, 1888), Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf and Faulkner.

MODERNISM. The term for an international tendency in the arts brought about by a creative renaissance during the last decade of the 19th century and lasting into the post-war years. Strictly speaking, modernism cannot be reliably characterized by a uniform style or even described as a 'movement', since it embraced a wide range of artistic movements, including symbolism, impressionism, post-impressionism, futurism, constructivism, imagism, vorticism, expressionism, dada, and surrealism. Technically, modernism was distinguished by its challenge to traditional representation and its highly self-conscious manipulation of form. Conventional narrative gave way to STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS and conventional poetic form to FREE VERSE. Such experiments were conducted with strong awareness of pioneering studies in other disciplines: in psychology, W. James's *Principles of Psychology* (1890) and Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1899); in physics, Einstein's *General Principles of Relativity* (1915). The most notable landmarks in English literature are commonly understood to include Henry James's *The Ambassadors* (1903), Conrad's *Nostromo* (1904), T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* (1922), and Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922). The work of Pound, Yeats, Ford Madox Ford, Virginia Woolf and, in America, Faulkner, could be added to a list which would still be far from exhaustive.

Stephen Leacock

LEACOCK, STEPHEN 1869-1944. Humorist and short story writer. S. Leacock was born in England. When he was seven years old, his parents emigrated to Canada. He was educated in Canada and in the United States and is therefore to be considered as a North American writer.

He is well known to English-speaking people all over the world as a writer of humorous stories and essays, but he was not only a humorist. He was Professor of Economics and Political Science at McGill University, Toronto, Canada, and wrote an important text-book on political science. He also wrote studies of the works of Mark Twain, the nineteenth-century American humorist and author of Tom Sawyer, and of Charles Dickens, the English novelist who created many characters of world-wide fame such as Oliver Twist and Mr Pickwick. He is, however, best known for his own humorous writings, which are in some ways in the tradition of Mark Twain. Like Mark Twain, he gets some of his funniest effects by exaggerating some feature or other of real life. Beginning with *Literary Lapses* (1910), he published an average of one humorous book a year for the remainder of his life. These include *Nonsense Novels* (1911), *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* (1912), *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich* (1914), *Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy* (1915), *Further Foolishness* (1916) and other books. S. Leacock is known as a master of the short sketch or extended anecdote.

Laurie Lee

LEE, LAURIE 1914-. Autobiographer and poet. He is best known for *Cider with Rosie* (1959), a lyrical memoir of his Gloucestershire childhood. It was followed by *As I Walked out One Midsummer Morning* (1969), about his youthful adventures on the road to London and in Spain, and *A Moment of War* (1991), about his experiences in the Spanish Civil War. *The Sun My Monument* (1944), *The Bloom of Candles* (1947) and *My Many Coated Man* (1955) are among many volumes of poetry showing his love of the countryside.

Doris Lessing

LESSING, DORIS (MAY) 1919-. Novelist. Her prolific and varied output has been marked by its interest in the private action of the mind and its willingness to challenge narrative convention. *The Grass is Singing* (1950), reflecting her childhood in Southern Rhodesia, was followed by *Martha Quest* (1952), *A Proper Marriage* (1954), *A Ripple from the Storm* (1958), *Landlocked* (1965) and *The Four-Gated City* (1969), forming a sequence called *The Children of Violence*. *The Golden Notebook* (1962), hailed if not conceived as the expression of feminist politics, examines the experience of a

woman writer. Two experimental novels, *Briefing for a Descent into Hell* (1971) and *The Memoirs of a Survivor* (1974), anticipate *Canopus in Argos: Archives*, a 'space fiction' series.

She has since returned to realistic narrative with *The Diary of a Good Neighbour* (1983) and *If the Old Could* (originally published under the pseudonym of Jane Somers, 1984), *The Good Terrorist* (1985) and *The Fifth Child* (1988), a bleak novella. In addition to short stories, she has also published poetry, travel books, personal writings and the first volume of her autobiography, *Under My Skin* (1994).

Katherine Mansfield

MANSFIELD, KATHERINE (1888-1923). Short-story writer. She was born in Wellington, New Zealand and completed her education at Queen's College, London (1903-6). She returned to New Zealand to study music, but went back to London after two years. She married in 1909, but left her husband after a few days. In 1911 she met the critic and editor of Modernist literary magazines, John Middleton Murry, whom she married in 1918. In 1916 she discovered she had tuberculosis, of which she died in 1923.

Her penetrating and relentless intelligence, balanced by a sense of form, was ideally suited to the short story. She published several volumes of short stories in her lifetime, the most famous being *Bliss and Other Stories* (1920) and *The Garden Party and Other Stories* (1922). Her short stories, varying in length and tone, are thought by many critics to show the influence of the Russian short story writer, Chekhov.

Iris Murdoch

MURDOCH, IRIS (JEAN) 1919-. Novelist and philosopher. She is one of England's best-known contemporary writers. For a long time she lectured on philosophy at Oxford University, and has written many successful novels which are distinguished by their portrayal of romantic and sexual complications, usually among the educated middle classes. The casual humour of *Under the Net* (1954) was followed by the growingly emphatic symbolism of *The Flight from the Enchanter* (1955), *The Sandcastle* (1957) and *The Bell* (1958), widely considered her most successful novel, about a declining religious community. Her prolific output has continued with *A Severed Head* (1961), *An Unofficial Rose* (1962), *The Unicorn* (1963), *The Italian Girl* (1964), *The Red and the Green* (1965), *The Time of the Angels* (1966), *The Nice and the Good* (1968), *Bruno's Dream* (1969), *A Fairly Honourable Defeat* (1970), *An Accidental Man* (1971), *The Black Prince* (1972), *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine* (1974), *A Word Child* (1975), *Henry and Cato* (1977), *The Sea, the Sea* (Booker Prize; 1978), *The Philosopher's Pupil*

(1983), *The Book and the Brotherhood* (1987), *Message to the Planet* (1989) and *The Green Knight* (1993). Her plays include an adaptation of *A Severed Head* (with J.B. Priestley; 1963). Her philosophical works include *Sartre: Romantic Rationalist* (1953), *The Sovereignty of Good* (1970) and *The Fire and the Sun: Why Plato Banned the Artists* (1977).

'Saki' (H.H. Munro)

'SAKI' (MUNRO, HECTOR HUGH) (1870-1916). Short-story writer and novelist. He was born in Burma. His mother died when he was young, and he was educated and brought up in England. He joined the military police in Burma in 1893, but left because of an injury and settled in London where he decided to earn his living by writing. In 1899 he published *The Rise of the Russian Empire*, but after this he concentrated on journalism and short story writing. His short stories, published under the pseudonym of 'Saki' (the derivation is unknown), are *Reginald* (1904), *Reginald in Russia* (1910), *The Chronicles of Clovis* (1911), *Beasts and Super-Beasts* (1914), *The Toys of Peace* (1919) and *The Square Egg* (1924). In 1914 he joined the army to fight in France, where he was killed in 1916.

His short stories which are often very funny and satirical, are usually distinguished by a macabre, 'black' streak. Many of the best involve the appearance of animals as a kind of agent of revenge upon man. The blackness of his stories can be compared to those of Roald Dahl.

Charles P. Snow

SNOW, CHARLES PERCY, 1st Baron Snow of Leicester (1905-80). Novelist. His career as scientist and eventually politician is mirrored in his *Roman Fleuve*, *Strangers and Brothers* (1940-70). *Strangers and Brothers* (1940: later retitled *George Passant*), *The Light and the Dark* (1947), *Time of Hope* (1949), *The Masters* (1951), *The New Men* (1954), *Homecomings* (1956), *The Conscience of the Rich* (1958), *The Affair* (1959), *Corridors of Power* (1963), *The Sleep of Reason* (1968) and *Last Things* (1970) follow the career of Lewis Eliot in a leisurely manner permitting a wide survey of contemporary life. His influential *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* (1959), arguing that literary intellectuals and scientists had ceased to communicate, was savagely attacked by F.R. Leavis for its utilitarian approach to the study of the humanities. *Science and Government* (1961) examined the power factor in government-sponsored research. *Public Affairs* (1971) deals with the dangers as well as the benefits of technology. *A Variety of Men* (1967) presents biographical studies.

Bitter ethical and moral conflicts constitute the core of C.P. Snow's numerous novels. This, as well as very penetrating psychological analysis, clarity and elegant neatness of diction are main attractions of Snow's works.

Appendix

Scheme for analysis

- 1 The author of the story (extract) under consideration (concentrate on those biographical data which are relevant to the process of creation of the selected piece or to shaping and developing the author's literary principles and values); the artistic trend, movement or literary school he or she represents.
- 2 The theme and the idea of the literary work; the author's message as perceived by the reader (Identify rival themes if any).
- 3 The plot structure of the story (extract), its main components and the role it plays in conveying additional information load and creating special esthetic effect. The type of the story according to the plot structure.
- 4 Literary time and its connection with the work's content: simultaneous, retrospective, prospective narrative.
- 5 The principles of poetic structure cohesion observed in the story (extract) and the one constituting the organizing axis of its poetic structure; the way it pertains to the realization of the author's idea; stylistic devices underlying each principle.
- 6 Angles of perception offered in the story (types of narration and narrative compositional forms observed in the piece of creative prose under consideration); the author-narrator-character relationships within the story.
- 7 Character sketches; expressive means and stylistic devices employed by the author in order to help the reader visualize his characters; the esthetic effect achieved through the use of these SDs.
- 8 Retrospective interpretation of the story's title and its function in disclosing the author's message.
- 9 The general impact the story produces on the reader; your personal impression of the author's manner of writing and peculiarities of his individual style; your appreciation and evaluation.

Types of Narration and Narrative Compositional Forms in a Literary Text

Types of Narration	Author's Speech	Character's Speech	Mixed Types
Narrative compositional forms	Entrusted narrative 1st person		
Narrative proper	1st person focusing on another character (observer)	the narrator being his own protagonist Uttered Speech say, utter,	Indirect Speech (tense forms are shifted to the past, 3 rd person pronouns, interrogative word-order is inverted) <i>say, utter, declare, reply, exclaim, shout, cry, yell, gasp, babble, chuckle, murmur, sigh, call, beg, implore, comfort, assure, protest, object, command, admit, etc.</i>
Description (appearance, landscape and nature, interior)	3rd person (the omniscient, omnipotent author)	3rd person (anonymous) reply, exclaim, shout, cry, yell, gasp, babble, chuckle, murmur, sigh, call, beg, implore, comfort, assure, admit, etc.	Dialogue Dramatic Monologue
Argumentation	the author's position →→ the narrator's position the author's position →← the narrator's position	Interior Speech (1 st person pronouns, language, idiosyncrasies of the character) think, meditate, feel, occur, wonder, ask, tell oneself, understand Short insets of interior speech Auto-dialogue Interior monologue Stream-of-consciousness-technique	Uttered косвенно-прямая речь (произнесенная несобственно-прямая речь) (past tense forms, 3 rd person pronouns, interrogative word-order, colloquial expressions) <i>smile, say, ask</i> Represented (Reported) Speech Inner изображенная речь (внутренняя несобственно-прямая речь) (past tense, 3 rd person pronouns, interrogative word-order, colloquial expressions, elliptical sentences, breaks, exclamations, one-member sentences) <i>think, meditate, wonder, ask, tell oneself</i>

Words and expressions to be used in a linguo-stylistic analysis

The analysis is focused on

a work (piece) of imaginative literature
a work (piece) of verbal art
a literary piece (text, work)
a work of an outstanding writer
a piece of English (American) narrative prose
a short story, a poem
a piece of poetry (drama)
an extract from a novel by
a truly talented work of imaginative literature

The purpose of the analysis is

to grasp the thought that is imaginatively expressed
to consider the properties of the literary work
to perceive the realm of the literary work
to appreciate the poetic content of the work
to penetrate into the subtleties of the literary work
to become aware of the intrinsic properties of the literary work
to develop a more appreciative approach to reading

A work of imaginative literature

to present the epoch and social/cultural settings (un)familiar to the reader
to be a product of the author's imagination
to be based on objective reality
to be a fragment of reality arranged in accordance with the author's vision
to represent a life situation
to emerge as a result of the author's interpretation (perception of the world)
to constitute a unity of content and form

The author and his viewpoint

the author (narrator, protagonist, story-teller, creator)
to act as an observer
to be an active participant of the drama
to create a unique and complete world of ...
It is objective reality that feeds the author's imagination.
to recreate objective reality in the form of images
to draw images from reality
to be guided by one's own vision of the world
to express one's attitude towards the world

- to impart (transmit, convey) one's vision of the world to the reader
- to have a particular kind of reader in mind
- to expect the reader to share and adopt certain attitude
- to be presented in a non-committal, seemingly impersonal way
- to be obviously expressed
- to be the organizing axis of the literary work

The character

- the central (main) character (personage, protagonist)
- to be manifold
- to see the image of
- to focus on the image of
- to contain no direct hint of the true nature of ...

The theme and the idea

- to be disclosed in the representation of ...
- to pertain to the expression of the idea
- to emerge out of an interplay of the surface and inner layers
- to constitute the symbolic layer of the story
- to be integrated with other by-themes
- to alternate with rival themes
- to be linked together to present a unity
- to add a nuance to the idea expressed in the plot
- to embrace themes ranging from ... to ...

The employment of the principles of poetic structure cohesion

- to be explicit (to find a manifestation) in the literary work under discussion
- to depict (convey, portray) the image of ... by carefully selected details
- to indirectly suggest the image of ...
- to select (single out, pick out) the most characteristic features of ...
- to be incompletely represented
- to gap (omit) certain fragments of the whole
- to be guided by detail in appreciation of certain image
- to give an idea of the character's attitude to ...
- to juxtapose the images of the characters
- to reveal good and evil (the beautiful and the ugly, the just and the unjust) by means of juxtaposition
- to be the organizing axis of poetic structure
- to convey the message by a contrast of the two main characters (through the antithesis of ...)
- to depict the characters as antipodes

Plot structure and its elements

- to be well-organized
- to be oddly (confusedly) organized
- the outward disunity between the elements of the plot
- to set the story amidst nature
- to lay out the necessary preliminaries to the action
- to represent the beginning of the collision
- to be the highest point of the action
- to bring the action to an end
- to begin straight with the action
- to be built upon one collision
- the action develops dramatically
- the sequence of events forms an ascending line from the exposition on to the climax and down to the denouement
- to show the drama of the character's inner world
- the action is dynamic (less dynamic)
- the elements of the plot are not clearly discernible
- the plot is eventless
- to condition the specific composition and plot structure

Literary time

- to narrate the events as they occur
- to speak of the events retrospectively (prospectively)
- to re-create the events
- to bring the events to light from the past
- to meditate over the events
- to present split time sequence
- the time perspective is twisted or altogether lost

Types of narration and narrative compositional forms

- narration (clear, consistent, temporally and thematically confused, distorted, mingled)
- to be focused on
- to be narrated as seen by different characters
- to narrate the events as one sees them
- to report the happenings
- to offer different angles of perception of ...
- to supply the reader with direct information about the author's preferences and objections, beliefs and contradictions
- to serve as the major source of shaping up the author's image
- to make the writing more plausible
- to impress the reader with the effect of authenticity of the described events

- to entrust some fictitious character with the task of story-telling
- to hide behind the figure of the narrator
- to present all the events of the story from the narrator's viewpoint
- to emerge sporadically in the narrative with one's own considerations
- to reinforce (contradict) the narrator's considerations
- to loom above the narrator's image
- to arrange the pros and contras of the problem
- to be the true and actual creator of
- to be responsible for all the views and evaluations of the text
- to be carried out (done) in the first (third) person
- to have no direct relation to the people described
- to be anonymous
- to express one's mind in the form of uttered speech
- to expose oneself
- to be the form of the personage's self-characterization
- to peep into the inner world of the character
- to present immediate mental and emotional reactions of the personage
- to be the imaginative reflection of mental processes
- to portray the disjointed purely associative manner of thinking
- to be the peculiar blend of the viewpoints and language spheres of both the author and the character
- to supply the details of the appearance of people and things in the book, of the place and time of action
- to represent the atmosphere and the scenery of a literary work
- to offer causes and effects of the personage's behaviour
- to present considerations about moral, ethical, ideological issues
- to intermingle within the boundaries of the paragraph

The tendency in word-choice

- an involved interplay of denotative and connotative meanings
- to acquire a variety of connotative effects
- to acquire a special poetic meaningfulness
- to create the rhythm
- to be a means of creation humorous effects
- to prove tiresome (boring) and difficult to follow
- to make easy reading and provide good entertainment
- to use in reference to someone
- to suggest the character's social, educational, cultural, professional, territorial, etc. background
- to be suggestive of the speaker's social status
- to suggest an image of ...
- to characterize the speaker as uncultured and uneducated (as an intellectual)

- to present an involved case of direct (indirect) speech characterization
- to bear an imprint of the character's manner of speaking
- to harmonize with the image of ...
- to bear national idiosyncrasies (idiomaticity)
- to carry a strong flavour of the locality
- to convey the flavour of the epoch by the employment of ...
- to be suggestive of the atmosphere of the passage
- to use common, simple and exact vocabulary
- to mark the message as informal (=non-official, conversational, plain, undecorated, etc.)
- to employ literary vocabulary (=learned, bookish, high-flown words)
- to tint the writing as formal (ponderous, embellished, flowery, etc.)
- to contribute to the message the tone of solemnity (sophistication, seriousness, gravity, learnedness)

The impact of the story on the reader

- to affect (influence) the reader
- to stir up the reader's interest
- to make the reader strain his perceptive abilities
- to produce a long-lasting effect on the reader
- to reach the reader's intellect and emotions
- to have great appeal for the reader
- to be of social significance and educational value
- to share the author's aesthetic world
- to become a sort of a co-creator
- to make reading an aesthetic pleasure
- to profit by (from) reading the book
- to derive great aesthetic pleasure out of reading imaginative literature

Bibliography

Sources

- 1 Duff A. & Maley A. Literature. Oxford University Press. Oxford. 1995.
- 2 Gower R. & Pearson M. Reading Literature. Longman. 1996.
- 3 Joyce J. Dubliners. Dover Publications, Inc. New York. 1991.
- 4 Kukhareno V.A. A Book of Practice in Stylistics. M.: Higher School. 1986.
- 5 Modern Short Stories. Prentice Hall International. 1992.
- 6 Ousby Ian. Cambridge Paperback Guide to Literature in English. Cambridge University Press. 1996.
- 7 Sachs T.U. Now Read on (A Reading and Language Practice Book). Longman Group Limited. 1994.
- 8 Sosnovskaya V.B. Analytical Reading. M.: Higher School. 1974.

Further Reading

- 1 Арнольд И.В. Стилистика современного английского языка. Л.: Просвещение. 1973.
- 2 Гальперин И.Р. Текст как объект лингвистического исследования. М.: Наука, 1981.
- 3 Колшанский Г.В. Текст как единица коммуникации // Проблемы общего и германского языкознания. М.: Изд-во Моск. ун-та, 1978.
- 4 Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. М.: Просвещение, 1988.
- 5 Пелевина Н.Ф. Стилистический анализ художественного текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1980.
- 6 Galperin I.R. Stylistics. M.: Higher School. 1977.
- 7 Prokhorova V.I., Soshalskaya E.G. Oral Practice Through Stylistic Analysis. M.: Higher School, 1979.
- 8 Soshalskaya E.G., Prokhorova V.I. Stylistic Analysis. M.: Higher School, 1976.

Sources for Pattern Stylistic Analysis

- 1 Кухаренко В.А. Интерпретация текста. Л.: Просвещение, 1979.
- 2 Кухаренко В.А. Практикум по интерпретации текста. М.: Просвещение, 1987.

List of Stylistic Terms with Their Russian Equivalents

- 1 Kukhareno V.A. A Book of Practice in Stylistics. M.: Higher School. 1986.
- 2 Soshalskaya E.G., Prokhorova V.I. Stylistic Analysis. M.: Higher School, 1976.

Олеся Александровна Климанова

ЛИНГВОСТИЛИСТИЧЕСКИЙ АНАЛИЗ ХУДОЖЕСТВЕННОГО ТЕКСТА

Учебное пособие

Печатается в авторской редакции

Компьютерная верстка, макет Н.П.Барина

ЛР № 020316 от 04.12.96 г. Подписано в печать 20.01.2000. Формат 60 x 84/16. Бумага офсетная. Печать офсетная. Усл. печ.л. 6,28; уч.-изд. л.6,75.

Тираж 100 экз. С 2. Заказ N 313

Издательство "Самарский университет", 443011, г. Самара,
ул. Акад. Павлова, 1.

УОП СамГУ, ПЛД № 67-43 от 19.02.98.